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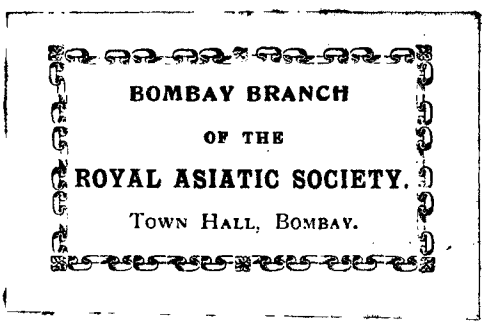


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# PHOTOGRAMS OF THE YEAR 1902

A PICTORIAL AND LITERARY RECORD OF THE ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK OF THE YEAR. COMPILED BY THE EDITORS AND STAFF OF "THE PHOTOGRAM," ASSISTED BY : : A. C. R. CARTER. THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE SERIES WAS ISSUED IN 1895 : : : : :

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# Contents.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN FRANCE. By ROBERT DEMACHY . . . . . 7

PHOTO-SECESSION AT THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB, NEW YORK, THE. By ALFRED STIEGLITZ . . 17

SUGGESTIONS FOR WOULD-BE PICTURE MAKERS. By H. SNOWDEN WARD . . . . . 23

THE DIVINE IDEA IN COMPOSITION . . . 37

PROGRESS IN THE UNITED STATES . . . 63

WORK OF THE YEAR, THE . . . . . 75

NOTES FROM NEW ZEALAND. By JOSIAH MARTIN . 109

PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON, THE. By A. C. R. CARTER . 115

ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION. By A. C. R. CARTER . . . . . 155

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN GERMANY. By ERNST JUHL . . . . . 181

AUSTRALIAN NOTES. By A. J. HILL GRIFFITHS . . 189


**For those who wish to compare "Schools" and Exhibitions, the following list is given of pages on which pictures from various sources are reproduced:—**


R.P.S., 2, 22, 26, 30, 39, 49, 67, 109, 154, 157, 159, 161, 162, 164, 166, 167, 168, 170, 171, 177

Salon, 9, 19, 21, 62, 94, 97, 99, 112, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 126, 127, 128, 131, 133, 135, 141, 143, 144, 145, 146, 179

Australia, 24, 87, 111, 191

Austria, 169

Canada, 54, 132, 158

Denmark, 86, 112

France, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, 77, 122, 133, 162

Germany, 163, 172, 173, 174, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 186, 187

Hackney P.S. at Golden Green, 23, 32, 56, 80, 81, 82, 151

Italy, 110, 123

New Zealand, 109, 189

Sicily, 103

U.S.A., 4, 19, 21, 22, 36, 51, 53, 61, 62, 65, 67, 69, 70, 73, 74, 85, 108, 114, 116, 117, 130, 146, 147, 155, 161, 163

# Explanation and Acknowledgment.

SINCE its first issue in 1894 this Annual has lived down certain prejudices, and has, we believe, justified its existence by exerting a practical and good influence upon pictorial progress, but our aims are still misunderstood by some of our best friends, who complain that the work has no definite artistic policy, and no fixed standard in the selection of the reproduced examples. This is perfectly true, and we trust it may ever continue so. Fashion in photography, and, to a certain extent, "schools" in photography, tend to fetter progress. We try to reproduce work fairly typical of all schools and of all workers who have caught a good idea. We try to be sufficiently catholic to include experimental work that is promising—even though it is far from perfect; and work that is sound—even though it may be unassuming and old-fashioned.

In the criticisms we do not necessarily endorse all we print. Each writer, whether in signed or unsigned article, expresses his own opinion freely; and our only care (editorially) is to be satisfied that each critic is honest. If art is "nature seen through a temperament," still more is criticism "art seen through a temperament," and the reader who would profit by criticism must regard it, not as a statement of facts to be accepted, but as a series of opinions to be considered. In art there is nothing so fatal as dogma, no state so healthy as robust free-thinking.

This *thinking*, independently and originally, when working in the field, or studying an exhibition or critique, is the one thing needful: the one thing we are trying to cultivate. Our only other important function is to record the photographic art of the time as it is, and not as we think it ought to be.

This volume may reach some who have not read previous issues, and we invite them to let us see their pictures of the year, "exhibited or non-exhibited," that our selection may be as catholic and representative as possible. We select as many as possible *before* the opening of the exhibitions, the first choice being made about the beginning of August, the second about the beginning of September. Those who send us their actual exhibition pictures, with instructions, may rely upon our delivering them to the exhibitions at the proper time, in good condition and without charge.

Constructive criticism is offered by the staff of *The Photogram* to all who wish for such assistance (see notice amongst advertisements).

In justice to the artists whose works are reproduced, we direct attention to the fact that any reproduction process must inadequately represent many of the originals. The size, color, and texture of the pictures are impossible for us to reproduce; and the tone-values in many cases, especially in warm-colored originals, cannot be adequately represented.

Very sincere thanks are hereby given to everyone who has helped to make this book what it is, including many for whose pictures it has been impossible to find space. We ask for their continued support in our effort to make the Annual more than ever "an incentive and an inspiration to every true lover of photography."

*The indices* (amongst the advertisements) indicate the pictures reproduced and the principal references to the artists. Since the book is partly printed before the exhibitions open, this is in many cases the only practical way of connecting the criticisms with the reproductions.

In 1895 and 1896, Ch. Scolik, Vienna, passed through our pages "To the World's Photographers, Greeting!" In 1897, Henry Irving, Darwen, England, responded in kind. In 1898, E. W. Jackson, Harrogate, England, did ditto; and now, in 1902, John Beeby, New York, resumes the series. Will some reader respond next year?

6½×4½. TANGIERS. *Plat*

*By J. C. Ecalle.*

## Pictorial Photography in France.

By Robert Demachy.

❧ ❧ ❧

After the excitement which followed the neat little stone dropped into the placid photographic waters by one of our German friends last year—I am alluding to the "stagnation" incident—I experience a certain degree of diffidence in giving a truthful *résumé* of the state of pictorial photography in France, for nothing tremendous has happened during the year.

The same thing could be said without doubt of the modern school of painting, but it seems to be understood that painters can go on for years painting good pictures without making any particularly new departure, but that photographers need astonish the world at every photographic salon—or die.

I must acknowledge that we have not astonished the world over here, but I am also quite certain that we are alive and stronger than we were before.

Last year the Paris Photo Club had organised three exhibitions—that of the American Lady Photographers, that of the New American School, and the annual Photographic Salon of Paris. We have had only two exhibitions in 1902, but they were both drawn largely from our own resources. The first of these was composed of gum prints only, and was in itself a source of more profit for

the advance and recognition of pictorial photography than a score of official salons. It was a "one process show," a scheme that had not been tried yet, and its results were excellent.

First of all, its average was unusually high, for it happens that the gum process, though it may not appeal to every pictorial photographer, and for reasons of pure laziness mainly—has never been taken up by any *but* pictorial photographers, and generally by the foremost amongst these. Moreover, in our letters of invitation we laid particular stress on the fact that we had no need of examples to show off the perfection of half-tone and detail that gum-bichromate properly handled can give—that was past proof; but that what we wanted was a striking collection of effects such as only gum-bichromate could succeed in

6½×4. SUNSET. *Brom.*

*By Paul Bourgeois,*

who has just been decorated with the Legion of Honor, for his services to Photography.

giving when treated in an original and personal manner. The result was that the public had no disturbing influences to cope with, such as are to be found in exhibitions where a rough and daring gum print may be hung next to a smooth and perfect platinotype—both being thrown out of balance by their unlucky neighborhood. And yet there was not a grain of monotony in the aspect of the walls; so much so that many visitors would not believe that one and the same process was responsible for such absolutely different effects as those of Major Puyo, for example, and those of Mr. Davison.

I have followed this exhibition very closely, and I have been particularly struck with the universal appreciation by a very mixed public of the tendencies of the exhibitors and of their novel way of expressing them. On

8×6½. PORTRAIT OF MY WIFE. *Gum-bichr.*

*By Robert Demachy.*

the whole, this special gum-bichromate show was a great success. It was attended by numerous visitors, and it has brought to light several adepts in gum hitherto unknown as such, and whose work is very promising—Dr. Clement, M. Fauchier-Magnan, Dr. Theophile Gautier, Prince de Wrede, etc. So many inquiries were made about the process and the way of working it, that it was necessary to hold two lectures in the rooms and laboratories of the Paris Photo Club for the purpose of explaining the technical side of gum-bichromate and showing practically how the paper was coated and developed. Also art dealers who had visited the gum salon asked for several prints for exhibition in their shop windows, and we were glad to find that these prints held their own in close company with etchings and charcoal drawings of superior order.

8×3½. IN THE KITCHEN. *Silver.*
*By Ch. Sollet.*

The annual Photo Club Salon—held in May—was no doubt of a lower average than the gum exhibition, the superior number of frames—547 against 196—being sufficient to account for this; yet if we take this Salon as a standard of the progress made during the year, it will be found most satisfactory.

For it must be understood that in the actual state of pictorial photography we cannot expect to progress otherwise than slowly; and we must get accustomed to the idea that the public in general will not in the least recognise the progress we have made, because it will have nothing whatever to do with photography. Indeed, our situation is quite peculiar—without parallel, I should think. We are photographers, for we use photography as an indispensable foundation to our craft, and yet the all-important qualities we are seeking to

9½×6¾

A WATER NYMPH. [Silver

*By Major C. Puyo*

impart to our work are—or, to speak more hopefully, were—the property of the artist in black and white.

This means that it is not by the study of photography but by the study both of Nature and of the work of masters amongst artists that progress is possible. It follows that such progress cannot be rapid.

It follows, also, that our French system of a jury composed of painters and etchers is not so bad as many English and American authorities think. Surface arguments against such a system are easy to find, the most hackneyed consisting in imagining the order of things reversed and taking it for granted that because it would be ridiculous to have paintings judged by photographers it is equally absurd to ask painters to judge photograms. But these are mere catchwords. They may be answered by a similar argument, for example: if Stradivarius or Amati were still alive, would you consider them fit judges for a competition of violin players? Wouldn't Sarasate or Joachim answer better? As we said before, there must be two distinct personalities in the pictorial photographer; but the adjective has become far more important than the substantive, the technical side is now entirely overlooked; then why should there be any absurdity in appealing to recognised artists rather than to photographers, who are but beginners in art, to judge work whose only value will consist in its artistic qualities?

It is perfectly certain that a jury of photographers, to be able to judge pictorial photograms without prejudice, must throw away all their photographic baggage, and forget all about over- and under-exposure, printing, toning and dodging. Then tell me what is left of the photographer?

Our jury is composed of members of the jury of the Salon des Beaux Arts and of the Salon des Artistes Français (Champs de Mars and Champs Elysées). These men know something about values and composition. I will even go so far as to say, at the risk of offending pictorial photographers, that they know a vast deal more about it than we do—and thank God they know very little about photography. So they have not much to forget and nothing to learn. This is not so bad after all! Of course the ideal jury does not exist. If it did, exhibitions and exhibitors would be scarcer.

I have seen photograms rejected by our jury that I should have accepted—others accepted that I should have rejected; but none of these were radically good or bad, but of that middling, unoffending sort which it is so exasperating to meet with in huge quantities in the work sent in to large exhibitions—and really their absence or their presence was of no great importance. In front of a real picture or of a vulgar photogram the painters were unanimous (and often as noisy as in their wilder days at Julian's). In fact, I have never seen a good thing overlooked.

So, all things considered, and without any stupid jingoism on my part, I begin to think that our plan is perhaps the safest. At any rate it does not expose us to the danger of unexpectedly finding at the head of our Salon a retrograde selection committee.

Amongst the most promising workers of the French school we can name

Mdlle. Lagnarde, M. Sollet, M. Ecalle, M. Dubreuil, M. Fauchier-Magnan, Dr. Flamm, M. Yvon.

Major Puyo, MM. Bucquet, Bergon, Le Bègue, Bourgeois, and Grimprel have shown some excellent things as usual—better still than usual. In these gentlemen's work we notice, with much commendation, a very evident progress in the quality of their pigment. Their pictures, compared to those of an earlier date, show a marked difference in the richness of the blacks and the general harmony of tone. This, and the much stricter observance of values, marks the very important advance made by the French school during the last year—an advance by no means sensational, for amongst photographic critics very few will notice such a thing as an error in values or poor quality of pigment. Yet we are rather proud of the progress we have made in that quarter. True values, a fine pigment, and personal interpretation—these are the constitutive qualities of a picture in black and white. The subject? Well, the subject is of small importance; it is the way of treating it that makes the picture.

We had the hope of being able to considerably enlarge our exhibition room at the Photo Club in time for the last Salon, but circumstances did not allow us to make the necessary arrangements—so that six was the maximum number of accepted pictures for each exhibitor. Happily our foremost workers allow us now and then to judge of the *ensemble* of their work by invitation at their respective studios. This year Messrs. Bergon, Le Bègue, and Lemoine showed a large and most interesting collection of open air studies of the nude and draped female figure—the result of much hard work. These gentlemen's show met with a well-merited success, the attendance being unusually large.

We have had several rather important exhibitions in the provinces at Vichy, Versailles, Meulan, St. Malo, Marseilles, and one in Paris at the Exposition du Mobilier. The Photo Club has largely contributed to all these exhibitions.

Amongst the French photographic publications we must notice the *Photographie du Nu*, brought out by M. Klary, editor of the French *Photograms*. It contains more than ninety very fine reproductions of the works of Messrs. Ch. Berg, Bergon, Boissonnas, Le Bègue, Puyo, Hesse, Erfurth, Schmidt, Collins, etc. The articles (on the Nude in Photography) are by Messrs. Gleeson White, Fritsch, W. A. Cadby, Gabriély, and Klary.

We were very much gratified in Paris at Mr. Steichen's success in passing his photograms before the jury of the Salon des Beaux Arts, but without the sensation of violent surprise which we found expressed in many American papers. For we knew, from the members of that same jury, that they were quite disposed to admit such work as that of Mr. Steichen, Mr. Craig Annan, Dr. Spitzer, the brothers Hofmeister, and certain others which they had already admired at our photographic salons; but we knew also, and from the same source, that it was useless to send in photograms to the Beaux Arts Salon until a photographic section in which they could be hung was *officially* established. So Mr. Steichen fell a victim to the slowness of the red tape department at the Ministère des Beaux Arts. It was impossible otherwise under the present circumstances, which will shortly change for the better. But in the present state of affairs it is easy to understand that the president of the Salon

10×7½. DANS LA CITÉ. *Brom.*

*By Maurice Bucquet, Paris.*

14½×10. A STUDY. *Carbon.*

*By Geo. Grimprel, France.*

jury should have refused, on principle, to hang several photograms, however beautiful, in the section of oil paintings or of engravings. We photographers would act in precisely the same manner should a charcoal drawing—even by L'Hermite—be sent in before the jury of one of our photographic Salons.

But if the public was deprived of the pleasure of seeing Mr. Steichen's photograms at the Grand Palais, they were amply compensated by the view of the important collection which he included in his exhibition of paintings at Otto's gallery in the Rue Royale. This may be outside my allotted subject in this special publication, but though Mr. Steichen is not a Frenchman he is undoubtedly a Parisian—though the sentence may sound paradoxical to foreigners—and we would consider that we had passed over one of the interesting events of the season if we had not complimented him on the success of his one-man show, during which a choice and numerous public showed its appreciation of the artist's talent both as a painter and photographer.

Lastly, we learn—on going to press—that the French Government has conferred the knighthood of the Legion of Honor on M. Bourgeois, the well known hon. secretary of the Paris Photo Club, for eminent services rendered to photographic art during the International 1900 Exhibition, the Glasgow Exhibition, and the Hanoï Exhibition, at which M. Bourgeois held important official posts. All those who have visited the French photographic sections of these exhibitions will acknowledge that the high distinction conferred on our secretary was well deserved.

7×4. KITTENS. *Silver.*

*By Charles Reid.*

# The Photo-Secession at the National Arts Club, New York.

By ALFRED STIEGLITZ.

WHEN, in 1899, the first Philadelphia Salon was organised by the Photographic Society of Philadelphia and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, it was doubtful in the writer's mind whether the management of the Salon appreciated how high a standard it was necessary to maintain in order to justify the pretentious appellation of "Salon" which had been given to the exhibition. It was this use of so high sounding a title which was largely the cause of the misunderstanding and recrimination which ensued.

The first three of these Salons were more or less representative of the best in American photography, despite the attacks, criticisms, and abuse heaped upon all who were connected with them—such abuse becoming most pronounced in connection with the third and best of this series. In that year Philadelphia had reached a position in American photography comparable to that held by the "Linked Ring" Exhibition in London, although it was already apparent that the Philadelphia Society had not yet learnt that a Salon did not become such by dubbing it with that title, and in the selection of the management of the fourth Salon it was proved that the original intention of holding an ordinary old-fashioned photographic exhibition still obtained among the rank and file of its members. Clearly the Salon had outgrown the artistic capacity of the Society. This was made manifest by the action of the Society in deliberately turning its back upon all that had been thus far accomplished.

In direct consequence of inability to appreciate the ideals which had been striven for, a large majority of the best American pictorialists of the "New School" refused to support the Exhibition of 1901, deeming it recreant to those principles which they had upheld in the past. Though deemed by some superior to any of its predecessors, the art critics as well as the more serious workers considered the fourth Philadelphia Salon a retrogression from past standards so marked as to stamp it a failure as a first class exhibition. The Philadelphia Photographic Society, as well as the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, have since acquiesced in this conclusion and will make no attempt to hold a Salon in the present year, realising that these Salons have lost the confidence of those whose support is essential to the success of any first class exhibition.

So distasteful to me and my friends had become the endless bickerings and bids for notoriety engendered by these Salons, that I hailed as opportune any

occasion which would enable me to cut loose from allegiance to any organised body. Nor had I long to wait for this opportunity. The National Arts Club of New York, at this time, expressed to me its wish that I should hold an exhibition of my own work in its galleries, but willingly acquiesced in my suggestion that such exhibition be made representative of *all* that was best in American photography according to modern ideas, rather than to hold only a one-man show. To achieve the end I had in view, I enlisted the aid of the then newly organised and limited "Photo-Secession," and it was determined to hold the forthcoming exhibition under the auspices of that group. All recognised workers of repute who had proven themselves in thorough sympathy with the spirit of the modern movement were invited to contribute, regardless of their photographic affiliations. Thus was gathered together an invitation exhibition of the picked work of the foremost American pictorialists, which proved an object-lesson of the seriousness and merit of modern American photography of which the public of New York had previously been comparatively in ignorance.

The details having been left to me by the National Arts Club, I deemed it in the best interests of photography to limit contributions to this exhibition to invited exhibitors only, reserving the right to reject such prints as were not the choicest examples of the subject extant. The heartiness of response which was accorded these invitations proved to my mind the timeliness of this innovation in the conduct of photographic exhibitions of this character.

The interest displayed by the hordes of visitors amply repaid us for our efforts. For the first time the art-loving public of New York was made acquainted with the claims of photography for recognition as an art; and art critics, public, and the National Arts Club unanimously accorded this exhibition a first place among the many exhibitions held in the galleries of that institution. The daily press devoted much space in their art columns and editorials to criticisms and reviews, and even so conservative a monthly magazine as *The Century* became converted from its long opposition to the pretension of pictorial photography, to an appreciation great enough to publish a lengthy illustrated article on the photo-secession and modern pictorial photography. Naturally not all criticisms were equally favorable, but even those hostile to the artistic claims of our craft appreciated the earnestness of the workers, and some went so far as to admonish painters that for originality, feeling, seriousness, and truth underlying this whole exhibition they could learn much from these photographers.

Many pictures exhibited had been loaned by private collectors and were not for sale—yet the public expressed its appreciation by the purchase of some at substantial figures, and the offer in one case of as much as three hundred dollars for a single well known print, an offer which was refused by the owner.

In the hanging, all the work of each contributor was grouped together, to enable the visitor to make a comparative study of the individual work and scope of the photographer. Great care had been taken to so place each picture that its tone, color, and line would harmonise with its surroundings, and in consequence many of the pictures which had already been shown at previous exhibitions were imbued with new beauty, and their full worth was for the first time displayed.

THE HAND OF MAN.

*By Alfred Stieglitz.*

Let this be a hint to hanging committees generally, that a modern pictorial photogram, in which tone is so important an element, may be as easily "killed" by inappropriate surroundings as any oil painting. The good taste and judgment displayed in the decorative scheme, and in the hanging, which played such important parts in the success of the whole, were mainly due to the personal efforts of Mr. Joseph T. Keiley.

The exhibitions comprised the work of the following ladies and gentlemen, the numeral in parentheses following the name showing the number of frames of each hung:

C. Yarnall Abbott (5); Prescott Adamson (2); Arthur E. Becher (3); Chas. I. Berg (3); Alice Broughton (2); John G. Bullock (2); Rose Clark and Elizabeth Flint Wade (3); F. Colburn Clarke (1); F. Holland Day (11); Mary M. Devens (5); Wm. B. Dyer (14); Thos. M. Edmiston (2); Frank Eugene (10); Dallett Fuguet (1); Tom Harris, deceased (1); Gertrude Käsebier (14); Joseph T. Keiley (15); Mary Morgan Keipp (1); Oscar Maurer (2); Wm. B. Post (2); Robert S. Redfield (2); W. W. Renwick (1); Eva Watson Schütze (8); T. O'Conor Sloane, jun. (1); Ema Spencer (1); Eduard J. Steichen (14); Alfred Stieglitz (17); Edmund Stirling (3); Henry Troth (1); Mathilde Weil (3); and Clarence H. White (13).

Not only was the exhibition national in the localities represented, but, strangely enough, all printing media from aristo to "gum-bichromate" on the one hand, and bromide to "glycerine platinotype" on the other, were embraced, thus showing that the Photo-Secessionist is committed to no other medium than that which best lends itself to his purpose.

The huge success of this first exhibition held under the auspices of the Photo-Secession has led to an expansion of its organisation. It is to be expected that its influence will be potent in guiding many future important exhibitions along the lines thus mapped out. Rumor has it that it has already drawn to itself a considerable body of the lovers and patrons of pictorial photography, as well as most of those workers who are laboring in behalf of similar ideals. How influential this organisation will prove time will demonstrate, but no doubt the spirit which has governed its first exhibition will be extended hereafter, and the only road to the endorsement of the Photo-Secession will be that of an artistic and progressive spirit. For the present, the details of organisation of this body must be denied to the public, but suffice it that it has drawn to itself almost all of those who have made American pictorial photography what it is to-day.

# Suggestions for Would-be Picture-makers.

By H. Snowden Ward.

4½ × 1¾. Silver.

*By W. L. Barker.*
Hackney P.S. at Golden Green.

Please note that the statements which occur in the following pages are suggestions, not dogmas. At the same time, I believe them to be true. None of them is, however, complete without modification by several of the others. Rules are made to be considered, not to be blindly followed. The greatest success of the greatest artist may be made in apparent defiance of one or more perfectly sound rules, but such defiant successes are *not* made by chance.

My suggestions do not form a complete code, and no amount of suggestion or instruction will take the place of personal observation, reflection, and imagination. But if the following paragraphs were carefully considered by all who send their pictures to our greater exhibitions, probably seventy per cent. of the pictures would never be submitted, and a great deal, even of the accepted work, would be better than it is.

It is well to impress the fact that observation, reflection, and imagination, are all needed in picture-making. Art is "Nature seen through a temperament." Without observation, our art becomes a travesty of Nature; without reflection, our work falls far short of our ability; without imagination, our results may be good records, but only by an occasional accident will they have any claim to be pictures.

In a wide experience of workers' comments upon the constructive criticisms given to them by some of my colleagues of *The Photogram*, I find a frequent demand for technical suggestions. It seems to me that technique is scarcely the subject for the critic. If he tells the worker that his print is in fault through lacking gradation in the shadows and in the high-lights, it is surely for the worker (who knows the circumstances) to decide whether the fault could have best been remedied by a different lighting of the subject, by use of isochromatic or backed plates, by different exposure, or by modified development and printing.

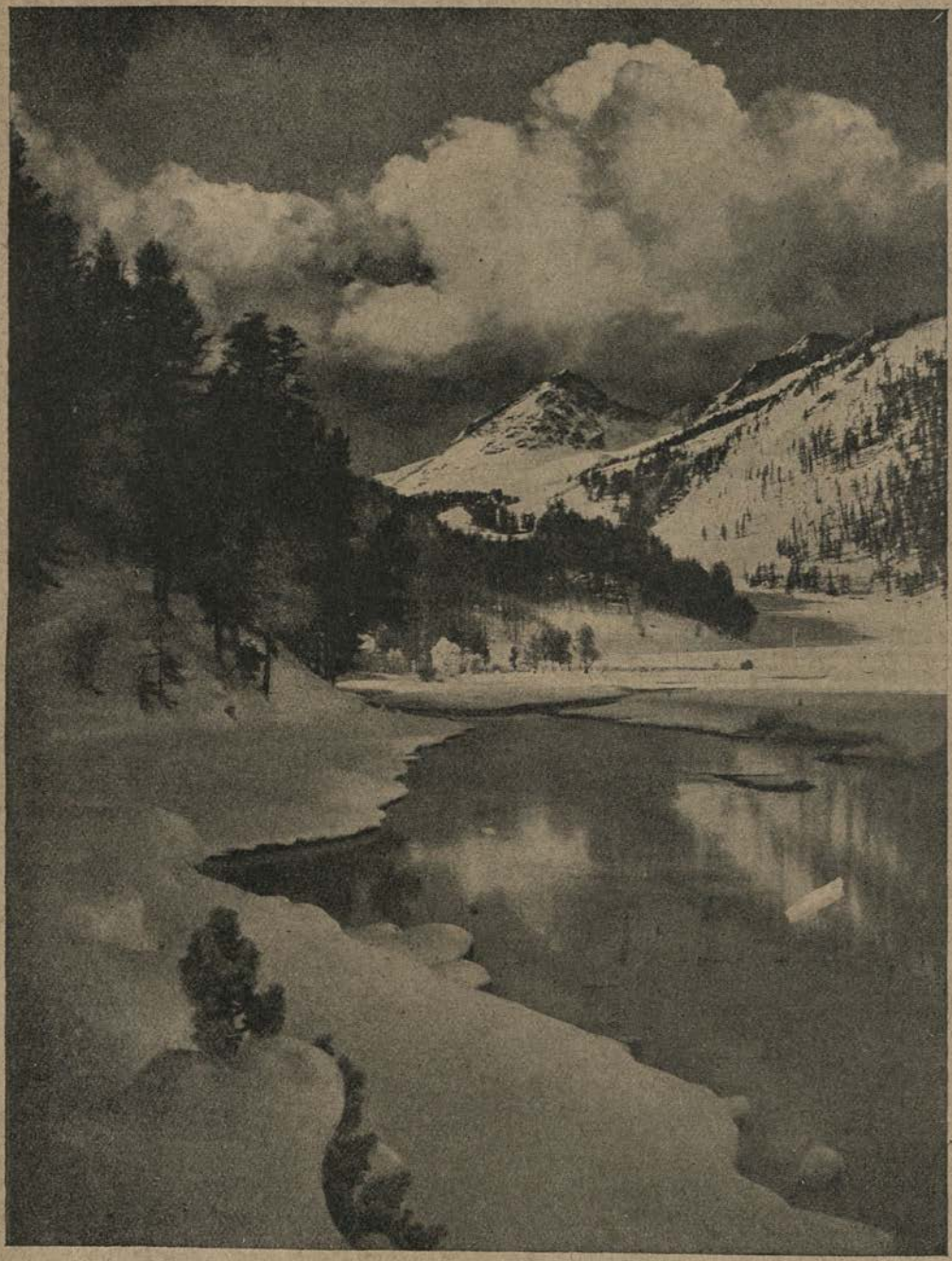
There is one technical suggestion, however, which might with advantage be carried out by a large proportion of our exhibitors and would-be exhibitors. That is, to devote a few hours or days to studying the use and advantages of isochromatic plates with light filters, as compared with ordinary plates without light filters. My colleague who criticises the exhibitions has written so much in the last two or three issues of this Annual about faulty tone-rendering, that a friendly commentator in *The Amateur Photographer* begs him not to make a fetish of "tone." But this fault is almost universal in photographic work; so much so, indeed, that some painters believe it to be an inherent defect in our photographic process, instead of a fault due to the ignorance or indifference of photographers. And if a defect is so common, and is avoidable, the honest critic *must* harp upon it until his readers learn to overcome it.

*By Ernest Gall, Adelaide.*

Much of the bad tone-rendering comes from neglect of isochromatic methods, and this subject is the most profitable one to which pictorial photographers can at present direct their attention — on the technical side.

The use of backed plates, or of films, though less important, is still well worth consideration, and has advantages in many a case where halation is not ordinarily suspected. It is perhaps unfortunate that we have been accustomed to the extreme cases of halation, the church window in its surrounding of gloom, and the white lace on a black velvet gown. But halation is responsible, also, for the destruction of detail in many high-lights which are not surrounded by black. It vignettes the delicate tracery of leaves and twigs which should be sharp against the sky, and gives us bald ill-defined patches to represent what should be delicate texture in glossy leaves, in the high-light on the breast-plate of a warrior, in the diaphanous drapery of a child or woman, and even in the high-lights of a face.

I have spoken of observation. It stands first in the artistic trinity. It is the work on which the artist can always be engaged while he has daylight and eyes. The faulty tone-rendering of which much complaint is made, comes not from inability of photography or photographers to record, but from want of observation, which has prevented the photographers realising any lack in their pictures.



14¼ × 10¾. IN THE ENGADINE. *Carbon.*

*By Tulloch Cheyne.*

Red-brick, red-tiled cottages are common objects of the country, but few photographers know that even on a night when there is no light save the stars the roof and the walls of such cottages are distinctly different in tone value. Few photographers, probably, know how twilight affects reds and blues, but if they will spend one evening in a summer garden, or a greenhouse, observing the changes as dusk fades into dark, they will see that the reds are the first to cease reflecting light. The way in which the brilliant scarlet poppy becomes intensely black, while the light remains sufficient to distinguish different shades of green, is quite startling. Red and pink geraniums are a little later in losing their power

$6\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$. SPRINGTIME. *Carbon.*

*By W. A. I. Hensler.*

of reflecting color; and as they become black, shapeless masses, the whites and blues amongst the flowers become brilliant as compared with the greens. Thus the effect of twilight upon colors is the same as the effect of an "ordinary" plate.

The effect of twilight upon light and shade is quite different from what many photographers believe it to be, and it is a curious fact that in many cases detail becomes more visible in the shadows as the light declines. My study windows look out upon masses of sequoias, pines, and other evergreen trees, which give glimpses between their branches of rich depths of shadow. On a brilliant day, when the trees are bathed in sunshine, only the most prominent details in the shadows can be seen, but as clouds obscure the sun, or as evening approaches, the vistas become much more rich in detail, although the light falling on the

front of the trees is so much less. This effect is probably due to the dilation of the pupils as the light decreases, which makes the eyes more sensitive to feeble light-differences; but whatever may be the cause, the fact is generally ignored by photographers, who give us absolutely flat black shadows in their "evening" effects.

6½×4¼. NEAR HEMINGFORD GREY. *Silver.*
*By Godfrey Bingley.*

The tender translucent foliage of the silver birch is one of the most beautiful details in the spring greenery, and it tempts many photographers. Yet when they have represented every leaf as a black metallic-looking object against the sky, it never seems to occur to them that their record has failed, but they cheerfully label the resulting print "Spring," and send it to an exhibition. Observation shows that the leaves do darken considerably as the end of July and beginning of August approach, and that some trees (? as the result of aphis blight) are almost black, but this is not seen in "Spring."

Similar remarks apply to the leaves of the beech, as, indeed, in a lesser degree to all leaves; and a very striking example of the right (and unusual) rendering of young leaves in sunshine is to be found in the work of Mrs. Dumas, on page 50. This same picture is an unusually fine rendering of sunlight in the woodland, and by comparison with the common type of dense black-shadowed results, should prove a useful lesson to many, even amongst those whose pictures are accepted at the exhibitions. Taking this single point of the rendering of shadows, and looking around the R.P.S. exhibition of last year, it was easy to find twenty or thirty works which might well have been refused by the selecting committee for glaring faults. And the submission of these pictures proves how incapable many photographers are of correctly observing the most obvious and common facts.

Perhaps one reason for faulty observation is that photographers generally try to get far away from home, into unfamiliar surroundings, to attempt "exhibition" work. They have missed the primary fact that the main beauty of a picture comes from within the artist's soul, and has no relation to the unfamiliarity or quaintness of the subject.

9⅝×6½. PORTRAIT. *Carbon.*
*By Miss Bessie Stanford.*

A question of observation which raised considerable discussion last year arose from the pictures of Venice exhibited at the Royal by John H. Gear and Percy Lewis respectively. (See pp. 31 and 144, *Photograms of 1901.*) Mr. Gear's outlines were sharp, clear, and metallic, with well-defined lights and shades, while Mr. Lewis gave us a delicate shimmery record, with soft evasive lights and shadows. One picture of the Lewis series received a medal, and was generally praised by the critics more than Mr. Gear's rendering of the similar scene; but some of the critics strongly defended Mr. Gear's work, alleging that it represented the real Venice of steely skies and hard, bright sunshine, while the other might be more fairy-like but was altogether imaginary—a Venice seen through the atmosphere of Norfolk Broads or Irish lake-land. It is not for me to discuss the relative merits of the realistic and the idealistic in such a case. Much depends upon the point of view, and artists generally hold with Keats that—

"Beauty is truth: truth beauty.
That is all we know on earth,
And all we need to know."

Some words from John Ruskin which deal with this very subject—the depicting of Venice—may well be quoted. Comparing Turner's *Venice* with paintings of the same city by Canaletto, he speaks of the former as giving "the white flashing fulness of dazzling light which the waves drink and the clouds breathe," and a sky which is "visible infinity, liquid, measureless, unfathomable, panting and melting through the long fields of snow-white, flaked, slow-moving vapors," and of Canaletto as showing only what was seen by "the most unfeeling and untaught of mankind." Continuing, he says: "What more there is in Venice than brick and stone—what there is of mystery and death and memory and beauty, what there is to be learned or lamented, to be loved or wept over, we look for to Canaletto in vain."

And even as I pen these lines there comes a most apposite contribution from Miss Dorothy Menpes, who writes the crisp fascinating letterpress to her father's *World Pictures* just published by A. & C. Black. Miss Menpes recommends searching the back ways of the city for scenes and effects which are not the usual artists' views and adds:—"Venice at daybreak is like a phantom scene; everything is of a delicate pearly grey, the distant dome of the Salute is illumined with a faintly rosy glow, and the only spot of positive colour is formed by the orange sail of a fishing boat as it glides noiselessly past."

Dr E. G. Boon, whose own work betrays power of observation, as well as ability in recording, and who knows his Venice thoroughly, commented upon the two methods in the following words:—"Nothing has interested me so much as the Italian pictures (of course I know them by reproduction only), and it is very interesting to notice the introduction of atmosphere by 'methods.' Certainly the canals of Venice have never suggested to me such atmospheric assertiveness. Rather are they like cardboard cut out against a false background of Reckitt's Blue for most of the time, and one has to wait long to get the subtler atmosphere in a Venetian canal, and then it is but suggestive and never assertive. I am afraid this sounds like criticism of other people's methods, but Heaven forbid—we all see things differently, and the amount I have learned from other people's work constitutes the better half of my knowledge in photographic effects."

Thus we see that there are distinct points of view, and that both realistic and idealistic methods have their champions.

BUT—and the printer should make this a big "but"—whether we seek the naked truth or a glorified view of Nature, our results will depend largely upon long and accurate observation of the class of subject with which we deal, for the unobservant worker will seldom stumble upon a true record, and when he departs from the naked truth the result is degradation, not idealisation.

Reflection, though I place it second in the artistic trinity, is not of less, or of greater importance than observation or imagination. The photographer who really reflects upon his work, eliminates chance from his results, and whether his pictures may be considered good or bad by the critics, he at least gets certain results, because he aims for them. To do the right thing, is good; but to know *why* you do a thing, even though it may be wrong, is better. Observation helps one to make the best of a given scene or model; reflection enables

one to know whether that scene or that model is the best obtainable for purpose in view; whether, in fact, it is worth photographing at all. Re enables us to compare the subject before us with the ideal; with other s previously seen, with our own previous work, and with the work of others reflection, applied to scenes and conditions we have observed, as well as t which others have recorded, sets us deliberately to seek for certain combin of subject and condition which s satisfy our own ideal—or as nearly s as may be.

3¼×5½. HORSE CHESTNUT BLOSSOM. *Carbon.*
*By H. Jacob.*

Having applied observation to Nature, and gathered a store of facts, some of which we wish to record, reflection brings us to the sense of limitations—our own, and those of our processes. We know that we are limited to monotone, therefore we must bar any subject which chiefly depends for its beauty upon subtle coloring. We are limited (practically) to a representation of objects as they actually stand before us, and cannot enlarge, reduce, omit, and add, as can the painter, therefore we must bar many subjects which the painter would find inspiring. Our scale of gradations (from white paper to black pigment) is shorter than the scale in Nature, therefore we must decide which particular part of Nature's scale we will omit or compress.

Reflection is an artistic function which can be exercised even in darkness, wherever one may be: and it should be very frequently in use, comparing, selecting, and criticising ideas and arrangements. It should be especially applied to work we have already done, and many will be surprised, if they have not tried it already, to find how wonderfully a pictorial idea can grow in a twelvemonth if one simply thinks about the existing attempts at its realisation.

Imagination, though mentioned last in our artistic trinity, is a quality most necessary to the would-be picture-maker. While observation and reflection deal with facts, imagination deals with ideas; while observation and reflection will make a good craftsman, imagination gives the distinctive touch that marks the real artist, the genius. Imagination is difficult to define, and many people think that it must be an innate property and cannot be cultivated. It is true that the artist, like the poet, is "born, not made," and it is true that there are

17½×11½.

REDMAN OF ELY. *Plat.*

*By the Rev. H. R. Campion.*

many people quite devoid of imagination; but anyone who has a real desire to make pictures has an imagination which can be cultivated and used [illegible] than this faculty has been by any but a very few of our photographers. [illegible] Godfrey Leland, author of *The Breitmann Ballads*, and designer of th[illegible] Arts and Handicrafts series of books, says:—"The most difficult part [illegible] is to know what to make"; and this, in spite of Portia's oft-quoted opini[illegible] contrary, is very [illegible] matters artistic. [illegible] knowledge of what to make or what to do is given by imagination.

4½×3¼. SUNSHINE AND SEQUOIAS. *Plat.*
*By Geo. Sidebotham, Hackney Photo Society.*
Hackney P.S. at Golden Green.

Imagination deals with the souls or thoughts of pictures, and is as necessary to the critic who would understand an artist's thought as to the artist who would make his thought understandable. It has to do with the sentiment of the composition, the "feeling" of a landscape, the character and individuality of a sitter. It is cultivated by seeking its evidence in the work of others, and in the work of painters rather than of photographers; by reading and attempting to understand good literature, especially that of the poetic and imaginative school; by living as much as possible amongst the best in art, whether it be architecture, music, or drama; and by attempting to appreciate (which is very different from merely admiring) the finer aspects of Nature. The man who makes a good "Study of a Tree" must have observation: he who properly photographs "Sunshine in an Orchard" must have reflection; but he who can realise for us the glory of "Summer" must have imagination also.

I have said that the critic must have imagination as well as the artist, and this reminds me of a gentle rebuke administered by a lady to a photographer who was fault-finding in an exhibition. He said: "I can't see anything to rave about in so-and-so's work," and the lady simply replied: "No, you can't see."

The cultivated critical faculty that can "see" the good as well as the bad in a man's work, and the imagination to grasp the artist's intention, are necessary before we can appreciate or learn from the works of others.

Imagination has to do with the design of the picture. This is a greater thing than the mere composition, or the arrangement of masses, and light and shade. The ordinary photographer goes forth into the world making many negatives; toward exhibition time he sorts out half a dozen or so of "things which will do" for the exhibition; then he looks at the prints to see whether they suggest any thoughts to his mind, and ransacks his memory and his books of quotations for titles expressing those thoughts. The better way is the exact opposite. Choose your thought or idea, collect or seek for the objects and conditions in which it is embodied, then attempt to make negatives and prints which will reveal the thought to others.

In designing a picture the subject will be broadly suggested by your preference or experience. Decide whether it is to be landscape, portraiture, still life, or figure subject. Then decide upon the sentiment or feeling you wish to convey, if a portrait or figure work; or the particular phase or attribute of Nature, if a landscape. In this connection it is well to consider the public to which you wish to appeal, unless you have reached the true artistic level of working only to satisfy your best self. Remember that the better your public is in quality, the smaller it will be in quantity. You can scarcely combine the subtlety which is appreciated by the educated few with the obviousness that appeals to the vulgar many. If you are content to create given-away-with-a-pound-of-tea chromo almanacs of the "Soldier's Farewell to his Weeping Bride," or of the "Kiss Mammy" school, you may touch the hearts of nursery governesses and fond mammas, but you must not expect great enthusiasm on the part of those whose artistic opinions are worth having.

If your subject is landscape, consider and attempt to emphasise its chief characteristics and mental suggestions. If in a rocky district, grandeur seems a fitting attribute; in a level lowland, peace; in a richly cultivated country, wealth, plenty, and contentment; in a barren moorland, desolation, solitude, and mystery. Then choose the details to carry out the idea, and let it be done thoroughly. If grandeur is your object, select masses few but bold, lines straight, and their junctions rectangular. It may be that amidst the rocks you find gently curving grass-grown slopes, but if grandeur is your object, such gentle curves must not come prominently into the picture. Again, it is well not to introduce the human figure into such a scene, for man cannot add to or emphasise the grandeur of Nature. If any life is needed, the most possible thing is a mountain sheep or goat, which must be so placed as to be relatively insignificant in the picture. A figure near the camera, or a number of sheep scattered about, will do much to destroy the feeling of grandeur, to which solitude is a proper attribute. (See page 132 of *Photograms of 1901*, W. R. Bland's picture.)

Having chosen the particular point of view in which the rocks or crags are few (perhaps only one) and large in proportion to the whole space of the picture, we must decide upon the atmosphere. Gloom is better than daylight, lowering sky than dappled clouds; and as mystery is an attribute of mountain

grandeur, it is well that the distance should be shrouded in haze rather than that there should be a prospect of hills upon hills fading away clear to the sky-line. The shadows in the foreground should be heavy masses, dark, though not black and detail-less; and as we wish to emphasise the foreground rocks, it will probably be better to use ordinary plates than isochromatics, relying upon full exposure and a focus upon the near objects, with a relatively large stop, to give us detail in the foreground shadows and indefiniteness in the distance.

3¼×2¾. MIRJAYIMA.
*By Thomas B. Blow.*

Similarly, with any other theme, we ought to think out the desired conditions as fully as possible, and be very chary of exposing a plate upon anything which does not come near to our ideal. A scene should not only agree with the title or sentiment that we have in mind, but should illustrate it as fully as possible. There are thousands of farms in England, but few of them are suitable subjects for an artist's "English Homestead," which should not be represented at all unless it can be shown at its best. Again, it is not sufficient to make the best view possible under certain conditions, but the best conditions should be chosen, which, in the case of a general landscape, include such considerations as the time of year, time of day, state of the weather, light and clouds, state of crops, trees, hedges and road-margins. If a stream is included, the difference between its condition on Saturday afternoon and Sunday, when the mills are holding up the water, and on other days when they are passing it freely, may make a material difference to the resulting picture.

Knowledge and thought are needed to prevent the use of general effects to typify special conditions. Thus, gorse in bloom does not typify "Springtime" or "Autumn" (though it may be found in bloom at both these seasons), because it also blooms at all other times. And Gloire de Dijon roses, which flower until Christmas, cannot typify "June" as can the wild rose of the hedges.

The glamour of personal or other association is a trap for the picture-maker. The scene of some incident in the novels of Scott or Dickens has an interest for lovers of those works; and the playground of childhood, the home of youth, the scene of some specially joyful meeting, has a charm for the individual photographer which often leads him to think a place is pictorially beautiful, when really it is not. To dissociate real pictorial quality from imported sentiment it

11¾×9. PORTRAIT STUDY. *Plat.*

*By C. F. Inston.*

is necessary to learn to dissect every composition before exposing a plate upon it, or, at least, before sending it to an exhibition. The following paragraphs may help in such dissection, but the reader is also referred to the works of John Burnet, H. P. Robinson, Dr. P. H. Emerson, and others who have written on composition, etc., for artist or photographer.

6½×3⅞. PORTRAIT OF MRS. M'D.
*By T. M. Edmiston, Newark, Ohio.*

The skeleton of a picture, — its lines and masses, — is of prime importance, and it is worth the while of every picture-maker to study his own and other people's works until he has formed a habit of seeing the skeleton or framework of each. This is practically a study of composition, and the first thing to realise about composition is that its rules are not arbitrary conventions made by man, but are *laws of Nature.* Individual artists and writers may lay down rules which are contrary to natural law, but these will not meet the approval of artists who observe and think for themselves. The permanent truth of laws of composition was interestingly suggested in an article which appeared in *The Photogram* for August 1901, and which seems worth reprinting here for its treatment of some of the elementary rules.

# The Divine Idea in Composition.

ONE of the oldest ideas in the world—in fact, certain religious mystics tell us that the idea is a divine one, very much older than the world—is that a vertical straight line typifies force, initiative, activity; while a horizontal straight line typifies conservatism (or preservatism) and rest.

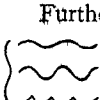
If this is truly a divine idea, we shall find it carried out in Nature: and if we trace certain simple symbols underlying natural forms, we shall find a key to *why* certain rules are observed in composition.

Some of the correspondences in symbolism are obvious at once, others are more recondite. I shall say very little about the latter, simply giving one or two suggestions to show how spiritual and poetical ideas may cluster around simple forms. In simple symbolism | represents the masculine (force, initiative, creative power), while —— represents the feminine (inertia, preservative power).

The two represent two forces, equal and opposite; or say force and inertia. Being equal, neither can move the other from its place, but both can move on the common centre; wherefore we get the form representing, when completed, the beginning of manifestation, the universe. Compare this simple symbol with the shapes of the revolving globes of the solar and stellar systems, and the truth to Nature becomes apparent.

Take a variant of this, and we have the idea symbolised in most religious trinities, of the two forces working against each other, which represents the trinity of natural forces—creative, preservative, destructive, or, when the third factor is really understood, creative, preservative, transformative; for the old religions, like the new science, tell us that nothing is destroyed.

The triangle represents, in one sense, the universe in manifestation. This it does in the sense of stability, for the equilateral triangle, or a pyramid with four equilateral triangular sides on a square base, is the most stable form in which solid matter can be packed. This is because the centre of gravity is lower, in a given amount of matter, when arranged in a pyramid than when arranged in any other form.

Further, a straight line represents strength, rigidity, steadfastness, persistence;  a curved line, beauty and motion. Thus ice is relatively straight; water in motion has waves or ripples. Curves represent graceful motion, or the result of gracious influences; angles represent rude force, or the resistance thereto.

To recapitulate :—

 = strength in action, force.

= repose, inertia.

= completeness, the harmony of opposing forces.

= stability.

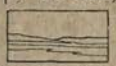
= strength, steadfastness, persistence.

= beauty, motion.

= graceful motion.

= rude force in action.

When a tree is growing it is ; when it sinks to rest and decay it becomes . When a man is active he is ; at rest, he lies down . In the same way it is easier to make a picture of a sunny vivacious landscape in an upright than in a horizontal shape; and it is easier for a peaceful eventide to be horizontal.



Further, as a water-surface is the nearest approach we find in Nature to a horizontal straight line, it is the most restful line we can find, and the instinct which includes water in most of the "eventide" pictures is perfectly correct; a recognition of part of Nature's symbolism.

Unfinished lines, running out of a picture, give a sense of incompleteness. Lines finished abruptly or angularly are irritating. Hence our water-surface is "ugly" if it consists of a square pond, introducing angular corners into the picture. The most restful line is one which finishes itself (completeness, harmony), as in a circle; or an oval, which is simply a circle seen at an angle. An oval which approaches the horizontal is more peaceful than one which approaches the vertical.

Tall poplars, which approach upright straight lines, have energy without stability or grace (they are quick-growing trees). Silver birches, which grow in upright curved lines, have energy and grace, without much stability. Oaks, with wide trunks in proportion to their height and great bulging roots, approach the pyramidal form, and have stability without much energy or grace. And in their angular branching they show resistance to rude force.

Repetition is a means of emphasis. Hence an eventide picture which has cloud-forms almost parallel with the horizon, is more convincing than one which has only the horizon-line beneath a featureless sky; or one which has cumulus clouds and a vivid sunset. Here, again, Nature is true to simple symbolism, for low-lying strata are her rest-symbols in the cloud-world, and are seen at eventide or on peaceful days. It is true that we sometimes see vigorous sunsets—they generally portend action on the following day—but such sunsets are not restful, the real "eventide" feeling only comes when they are faded.

These notes are but suggestive: they might be continued through many pages, and deal with color, tone, atmosphere, etc. It is better, however, that he who is able to see Nature's symbolism should trace for himself the divine idea in composition. By so doing he will elevate his thoughts, train his imagination, and broaden his mind.

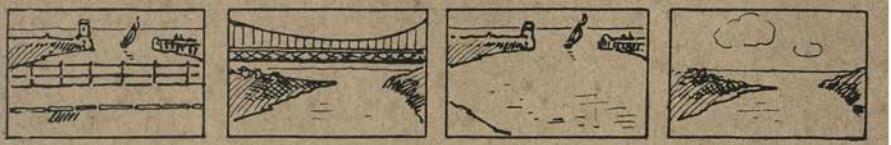
7×4½.

BARGEMEN.

*By Ernest Marriage.*

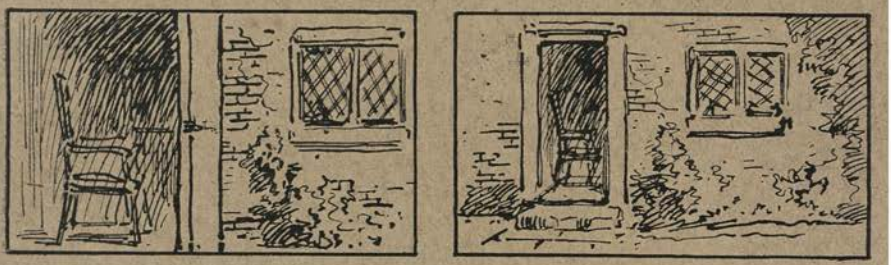
*Plat.*

When considering an actual picture, or a subject in nature which you intend to photograph, look for the lines which it contains,—regarding masses as extended lines or as bounded by lines.



Horizontal lines as barriers. Barriers removed.

Horizontal lines are apt to act as barriers, arresting the eye, and appearing to cover more of the print than they really do. Strong vertical lines, on the other hand, especially when near the centre of the print and running from top to bottom, have the effect of dividing the picture into two subjects, which it is difficult to bring into relation.



These vertical lines cut picture in two. Change of position restores unity.

Sometimes a change of position will avoid the undesirable lines, or will bring their ends within the picture, or will introduce compensating lines, as in the case of the little sketch of the cottage doorway.

The cutting-up of a picture by strong lines is not at all an uncommon fault in photography, and to emphasise the lesson of the cottage door, and to carry the matter one stage further, I introduce some different versions of a landscape with a tree in the foreground.

Picture divided. Still unsatisfactory. Much better.

When the lines of a subject are hopelessly unsatisfactory it should not be photographed.

Leading lines deserve more attention than they sometimes receive. They should lead into rather than out of the picture, and toward, rather than away

from, the principal object. A common example of strong leading lines is found in the case of a country lane or road, where a long stretch is represented. In such a case we have to consider the position of the hedgerows in the foreground, the curves or angles made in the road, and its place of disappearance. The little diagrams show how, with practically the same material, very different effects may be given, by comparatively slight changes of position, by raising or

Versions of a country road. (See text.)

lowering the camera front, etc. In the first diagram, we find the strong lines of the sides of the road leading entirely out of the picture, to a vanishing point far away beyond our horizon. If this lane is supposed to illustrate some fairy story or Bible narrative, and to lead to the New Jerusalem or to Jack's Bean-stalk country, it may be all right, but if it represents the ordinary world we can scarcely approve it. By levelling the camera we may get a somewhat different view, the lines of which suggest that the road is ascending considerably, but not impossibly. By dropping the front we may get another change, with a result still suggesting a rising road, but with its larger proportion of sky indicating an "open" rather than a hill country.

The next diagram shows an arrangement of lines which would be difficult, but not impossible, to obtain in Nature, yet one which suggests a quite impossible road. Taking the next diagram, we see how a modification of the lines makes the thing possible. The lines vanish much more rapidly, thus indicating a greater distance before the top of the picture is reached.

More versions.

The next sketch suggests a modification of the second of this series, in which some of its stiffness is avoided by moving so that the two sides of the road do not make exactly balancing lines, by moving the vanishing point of the road away from the centre of the print, and by taking a point where the road curves back into the picture. The parting of two ways is the sort of subject one often sees in competitions, and especially in the albums of cyclist-photog-

raphers. I sketch such a scheme in its naked simplicity, to emphasise the bad effect of having two distinct sets of strong lines, leading out of the picture in different directions.

The effects of lines upon each other are curious, and very often are not what one might suppose unless one had studied them. It seems natural that parallel lines should emphasise and support each other, but it does not seem so generally

Parallel lines running toward the horizon appear to run upward. Horizontal lines crossing them tend to keep them down.

known that the addition of parallel lines beyond a limited number is apt to have the very reverse effect. Yet this is so. Take a pair of strong lines—say the sides of a road; add a couple of wheel-tracks, and you strengthen the original pair. Add a couple of trimmed hedges, or two lines of rail fencing, and you may still add strength; but if you go further, and fill up the picture with rows of fruit-trees, hop-poles, or potato drills parallel with the sides of the road, you overpower your original lines by sheer monotony.

Parallel lines running away from the spectator generally appear to run up-hill,

Support needed.

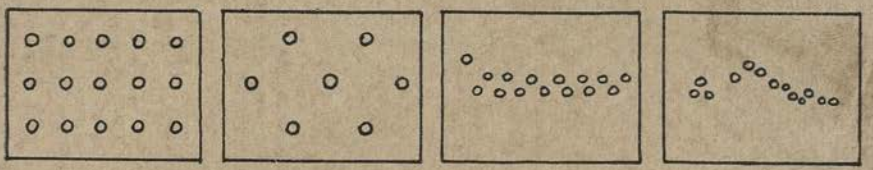
Chair legs *really* give it; but—

shawl pictorially gives it.

and a curious fact is that they may be "kept down" by the use of horizontal lines. The effect of still water appearing to slope downward toward the spectator is not uncommon; and it only requires a few wind-ripples, a patch of weed, or a dead branch or two at right angles to the general course, to correct the illusion. A common example in every-day life is seen on the level railway where lines which are filled up with ballast appear to slope upward away from the spectator

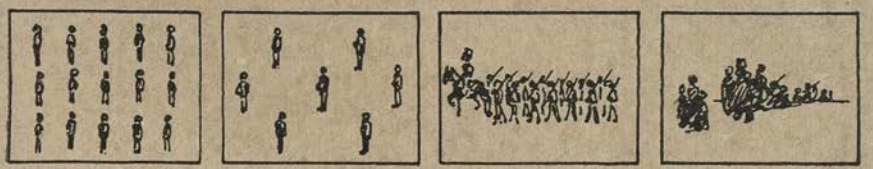
much more than those with sleepers plainly showing. And the effect is more pronounced in a sketch or small photogram than in Nature.

Supporting lines produce a mental effect which is quite apart from reason. For instance, we know perfectly well that a lace shawl hung over the back of a chair and down to the floor does not support the chair in the least; yet in a picture it may be all that is needed to save a chair which, without it, looks quite unsafe. In the same way, a line which does not exist may be made to support another line or mass, as will be seen in the little sketch on p. 47, where the boat in the foreground is really a support to the mass of three ships although it does not touch them, nor does any line of support exist.



It must not be supposed that only lines which represent upstanding objects need support. Any line which is strongly self-assertive may need supporting or compensating lines, to add to or diminish the effect of distance, or for other purposes. A fine instance of a supporting and leading line which consists of a number of black dots, is given in "A Summer Sea," by R. Eickemeyer, jun., on p. 21.

When we begin to consider masses it is perhaps best to build them up from small objects, in order that the "lines" may be obvious. Take fifteen little ciphers and arrange them in a space, as shown in the first sketch. They are so uninteresting that they are not even decorative. By removing alternate ones in such a way as to leave two rows of two and one row of three, we at once get a more interesting arrangement, a very simple form of decoration. But suppose

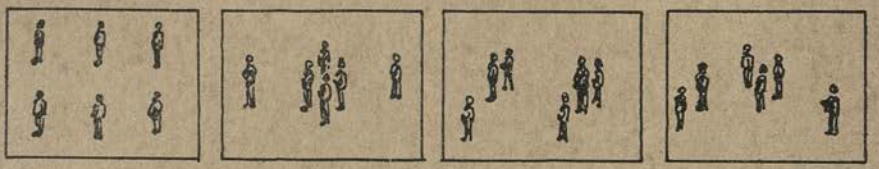


we must deal with the whole fifteen, the third arrangement suggests some scheme or idea which may have a definite pictorial meaning, while the fourth has an actual interest.

Let us now suppose that these ovals were men's heads, and see how their arrangement in monotonous or in varied positions will affect the result in a group or a picture. The result needs no comment.

Let us take, now, some sketchy men, the merest possible dabs of men, without anatomy, proportion, or features, so that we are able to consider the effect of arrangement without any of the other influences that tend to distract our judgment. Arranged symmetrically, and at equal distances, they scarcely

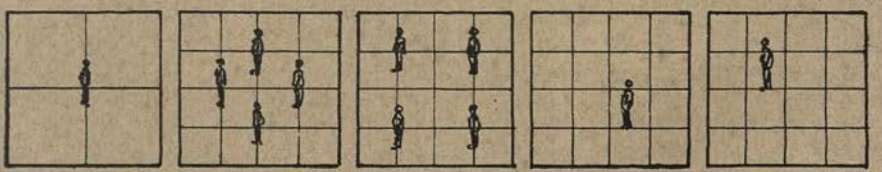
suggest anything; they may be six dolls hung on nails against a blank wall. Group four together, in the centre, with the others equidistant between the group and the sides of the picture, and they at once have some suggestion of life. The four in the centre may be discussing or disputing, the others moving to join or to leave the group. In this case the mass of the picture (the group of four) is too central, and the defect is not sufficiently relieved by the other



two figures, because they are too symmetrically placed. In the next arrangement we have groups of three, of two, and of one. The first is practically in the middle of the right-hand half of the print, a fact which would not be objectionably apparent if the others were nearer the centre of the whole,—suppose the group of two were moved slightly to the right. The blank centre is a fault (see later). In the fourth arrangement the main group is again in almost the centre of the sketch, both horizontally and vertically. The disposition of its members, and the positions of the other figures, partly compensate for this, but not entirely.

These objections to the central position lead us to ask what are the good, and what the bad positions in a picture. Supposing we have only one principal mass; whether it be a face, a tree, a rock, or a group of figures, we can place it in any one of several positions, some of which are called the strong points and others the weak points. The weakest point of all is where the beginner generally places his principal mass, in the centre of the space, midway between the sides, as well as between top and bottom. Next in weakness come the central points of the halves of the pictures; next come the central points of the quarters. The strongest points are the central sixteenths, the places where the diagonals approach the centre of the whole.

An artist will seldom place his principal mass symmetrically in the centre of his canvas, though he will often place it in one of the positions I have described



Weak. Less weak. Less weak. Strong. Strong.

as weak. Sometimes, however, he will even place it in the weakest position of all, and here comes in the principle of supporting and compensating lines or masses. Note that a "mass" may be a blank space.

Let us take a concrete example, roughly sketched from a work by Josef Israels, the Dutch painter, and build it up in sections. The first and strongest object is a group of two men and a woman, almost exactly central. They are

supported, however, by a number of smaller and more distant figures, tailing away to the right of the vertical centre, and to slightly below the horizontal centre. The principal figures are no longer a separate item, having its centre at the centre of the canvas, but are part of a larger mass which has its centre

Masses in an artist's composition.

well to the right of, and slightly below the centre of the space. This now leaves the left-hand side of the picture blank and bare: so the artist provides another group of three figures. These are placed exactly on the centre line of the left half, a position which I have mentioned as weak; but the fact that the main group (or mass) comes partly into this half, diminishes the space on the right of the secondary group, as compared with that on the left. Thus, although actually placed in the centre of a half, the secondary mass is seen to be on the right of the centre of a space bounded by the side of the picture and the main mass. Shadows help to fill and vary the spaces on the ground, and the right foreground has some masses of seaweed or old wreckage to break up its blank space. The principal remaining space is the right distance, through which runs a long piece of the straight horizon line. Both space and line are broken by a little ship.

Sketch of Josef Israels' "Shipwrecked fishermen": from *The Photo-American.*

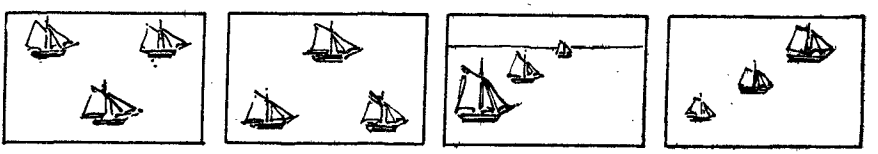
In this composition there are two strong horizontal lines, the horizon and the beach, but neither of them comes exactly in the centre. They are about equidistant above and below the centre, which would be a fault, if it were not that the beach-line is sufficiently irregular and sufficiently broken by the figures to prevent its exactly repeating the horizon.

A lesson in the expression of motion is also given: for the main mass has more space on the left, toward which it is moving, than on the right; and the same is true of the secondary mass. This illusion is also helped by the lean of the figures in the smaller group, and of the two first figures in the main group. Even if these were regarded as masses only, without any semblance to human shape, their lines would give the sense and the direction of motion to anyone at all trained in modes of artistic expression.

Suppose this composition were submitted to any competent selecting committee, and with it one or a dozen of the figure-study compositions usually submitted by photographers, can there be any doubt as to which would be selected? Even though the Israels composition might be wrongly exposed, improperly developed, and badly printed, it would be accepted in preference to work that was much more perfect in technique. And rightly so. Why? Because composition is a greater and a more important thing in picture-making than either exposure, development, or printing, or than the three put together.

This is a fact which would-be exhibitors cannot too strongly grasp.

Whatever are the subjects we attempt to mass, or arrange—whether rocks, trees, men, ships, cattle, or blocks of buildings—the same principles hold good. We have briefly considered their placing, as regards the containing space, and



the leading lines of the roads suggested some consideration of their placing as regards each other. At the risk of seeming tedious, I will take space to arrange a few more objects,—say little ships.

The first two arrangements show three ships, placed respectively at the points of an inverted ▽ and of a normal triangle △. Little argument is needed to show that the second arrangement is better, and the reasons are two; first, because in one instance the "figure" formed by the masses is unstable, while in the other it is stable and self-supporting; second, because one arrangement leads the eyes out of the picture in two directions while the other leads the eyes into the picture, to the central ship. It is important to form an instinctive habit of looking for the (imaginary) lines which unite the points of interest in a picture, as these lines, although they do not exist, do form an important part of the skeleton.

The trios of ships will soon suggest another point. We instinctively know (because the distance is always higher in the picture than the foreground) that the two ships in the first case, and the one in the second, are more distant than the others. But usually, in such a case, the more distant object *looks* smaller, so that here we find the perspective of size contradicting the perspective of position. Let us see what can be done, therefore, by diminishing the size of one of the ships, increasing another, and arranging them in line. There can now be no doubt as to which is more distant; or, if we can doubt it, re-arrange the

ships, with the big one on the horizon and the little one in the foreground. It may be argued that such an arrangement might be possible in Nature; that the nearer ship may be a child's toy, the middle one a small boat, and the distant one a giant single-master; but if such an arrangement were really seen, the picture-maker would not photograph it, because pictorial truth must be true to general pictorial principles,—not to occasional abnormal fact.

This is the reason why, generally speaking, the foreground should have strong objects, the middle distance less strong, and the distance subdued.

In the sketch of diminishing vessels we see the right lower corner looks very blank, and if we consider the lines of the composition, we shall see that there is an unsupported pyramid, hanging from the left side of the frame out into the picture. By placing a buoy, a rowing-boat, or a mass of floating wreck or sea-weed in the right-hand corner, we sufficiently support the composition again by an imaginary line.

This practically brings us to the oft-discussed, oft-recommended principle of "pyramidal composition"; a principle which is true and eternal, in spite of the sneers of one of our greatest writers, and which only becomes dangerous if pursued to the exclusion of other principles. Suppose we take, now, an actual example of the extreme use of pyramidal composition (or, if you prefer it, of "balancing") from a photographer's work, produced many years ago by T. Lee Syms (reproduced in *Photograms of '96*, page 35). The big pyramid runs from the food bowl 7 to the head of the principal figure 1, thence to right corner of print and back to bowl. There are other very symmetrical dispositions of points 1–2–3; 3–4–5; 2–5–7; 9–6–5; with less symmetrical pyramids, 2–6–7; 5–6; and 3–5–6. It might be thought that a scheme including so many distinctly marked triangles would be intolerable, yet it is not so, though one must admit that the construction is somewhat obvious and stiff. Let us see what makes the

arrangement tolerable, and in the first place there is the piece of almost circular composition 1–3–5–6–2, with 9 marking its centre. The very formality of this tends to break up and to hide the obviousness of the other formality. The

THE NEW PETS
*By T. Lee Syms.*

careful way in which *slight* departures are made from perfect symmetry is also a help. 1 is a little to the left of centre, 2 is slightly lower than 3; 7, which practically balances 4, is smaller and less important in size, though stronger in

Angles—Harsh.

Normal.

Curves—Squashy.

line; 3 is slightly nearer to 5 than to 4; and so on. The most obviously posed figure in the group is 4, because by her pose, position, and expression she is separated from the central group and the central interest of the picture.

I have said that straight lines and angles represent force, and that curves suggest grace rather than strength. It therefore follows that the average picture should contain both kinds of lines in order to combine the desirable qualities of grace and strength. As a suggestion of a normal landscape with contrasting versions of the same subject in which (1) angles and (2) curves are over-done, I give a little set of sketches.

It is unnecessary to pursue this question of skeleton further. Every picture has some skeleton or scheme of line, which may be simple and obvious, or complicated and hidden. Many successful workers may be unable to say what scheme underlies their own works, but the worker who is not successful and who wishes to become so, should form a habit of seeking the "construction lines" in other people's pictures, that he may know what will prove satisfactory in his own. To help in this direction I give a reproduction of a picture in which the lines are very obvious, together with a line-sketch of the skeleton.

15¼×11½. PARK PALINGS. *Plat.*

*By J. C. Warburg.*

Practice in dissecting such bold arrangements as this will lead to the ability to understand more subtle and complex arrangements. If the lines are angular the composition may be strong, but not as graceful as if they are curved; if the masses are pyramidally or rectangularly arranged, the result will be stable; if circularly or ovally disposed it will be harmonious, — all other conditions being satisfactory.

The arrangement of light and shade is just as important as the arrangement of line, and is subject to very much the same rules, always remembering that broad masses of light and shade are important. Breadth seems little understood; and, like "tone," it is difficult to define. It is not so much a feeling of spaciousness as of appropriate placing, and results from having the contrasts of light and

SUMMER SUNSHINE.
*By Mrs. Alice M. Dumas.*

shade—1, few in number; 2, consisting of one principal and the rest subordinate; 3, the principal one strong, and well placed. What has been said of the strong and the weak points of a picture applies to masses of light and shade as well as to definite objects.

A painter's rule, given in teaching studios, is to first place your highest light on the canvas, then keep everything else subordinate to it. In photography the same rule is good, if we substitute for "highest light" the words "principal object." Generally speaking, the principal object, and the highest light (or the principal object and the strongest shadow) should be pretty intimately connected; and one of the errors which go to destroy "breadth" and "unity" in a picture is an attempt to place the principal object in one position, while the strongest

THE TOEING-OFF.

*By Mrs. Helen P. Gatch.*

contrast of light and shadow is in another. For instance, thousands of landscapes are made with an attempt to interest us in the foreground or middle distance, while somewhere at the top of the picture is a mass of "baldheaded sky" that simply refuses to be overlooked.

The strongest light is not necessarily the whitest piece of our paper, nor the largest of the light-colored spaces, but it is that which, by its position in the picture, its size, its tone, and its contrast with surroundings, strikes the eye most forcibly. In a portrait, for instance, the collar is often the whitest spot, yet in a well-arranged portrait the face is seen, while the collar is unnoticed. And a good portraitist, not content with the mere "likeness" which is given by the photographer who makes cabinets at twelve shillings a dozen, is able to emphasise for us, at once, the keen eye, the intellectual brow, or the firm mouth which is the key to the sitter's character. This is done largely by the play of light and shade.

9½×7⅜. A BROWN STUDY. *By Walter Scutt.*

Contrast is, in light and shade, a great source of strength, but violent contrast often defeats its own object. If we wish to emphasise a face, we may place it against a dark background, but if the contrast is too strong and hard, instead of directing attention to the face, we direct attention to its outline only.

The source of light is often a trouble to our photographers. It need not be in the picture, and it need not be in the same direction as the picture's highest light. But much difficulty is saved if the highest light is somewhere near the direction of the source of light. It may be strictly correct for the highest light to be in the top right-hand corner of the print, while the source of light, outside the top left-hand corner, is casting strong shadows toward the right, but such an arrangement can seldom be made to look satisfactory. In the same way, it is not strictly necessary that the lowest tones of the picture should be in the portion toward which the shadows are falling, but you will save your-

20×16.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

Copyright 1902. *By F. W. Guerin.*

*Silver.*

self trouble and give a greater chance of "unity" and of a pleasing arrangement of light and shade if you generally group the high-lights in the direction of the source of light, and the masses of shadow where shadows would naturally fall.

Perspective, in a much wider sense than is often understood, plays an important part in picture-making, and it is perhaps unfortunate for photographers that the school-books and drawing-masters emphasise *linear* perspective as much as they do. Our pictures must not only have their lines right, but they must result from careful consideration of the perspective of mass, of tone, of contrast, and of definition, if they are to be satisfactory. It is not necessary for all pictures to have foreground, mid-distance, and distance; but unless we are dealing with portraits, architecture or still-life, it is well to consider these three portions as being desirable. Then, generally speaking, the foreground masses should be dark, large in size, not too strong in contrast, and fairly well defined; the middle distance should have objects smaller in size (on our print), should include the strong contrast of the picture in a "strong" part of the print, should be generally lighter in tone than the foreground, and should have sharp definition; the distance should have the smallest objects, with softened edges and gentle gradations, and delicate, pale tones.

$13\frac{3}{4} \times 9\frac{3}{8}$. OUT WITH THE TIDE.

*By J. C. Trotter, Ottawa.*

Good pictures may be made without adhering to these general rules, but the would-be picture-maker should have a very good reason for departing from them before he does so. I know that it is often very difficult to deal with three distinct planes—to keep their character distinct and yet to blend each into the other—but he who cannot do it knowingly and "on purpose" has not mastered landscape work at all. There are little tricks and dodges whereby, even in landscape, the problem may be made easier. A favorite one is the "glimpse"

method, where a scene is viewed through a ruined window, through the arch of a bridge, or beneath the branches of a tree. In this way the planes may be reduced to two, foreground and distance, and the very contrast is often effective. It is usually a cheap effect, however; and it is perhaps wiser to frankly make a "foreground study" of wayside weeds, or of rocks and ferns.

Tone, tonality, tone-values, range of tone, and some kindred expressions, are difficult to define, and the best thing I can do for those who wish to study "tone" as applied to photography, is to refer them to a series of articles by the Rev. F. C. Lambert in *The Photogram* for July-October 1902, where many examples, culled from previous volumes of this work, are given and discussed. I may briefly, however, try to explain what is generally meant by faulty tone-rendering, in the criticisms given in these pages. Suppose our subject is a man and his clothing, which runs in the following order, from black to white, viz.—1, boots; 2, black trousers; 3, dark coat; 4, grey waistcoat; 5, light grey hat; 6, "white" face; 7, white collar and front. Suppose we arrange that 7 shall be represented by "white paper" in the print, and 1 by "clear glass" in the negative, we ought to have seven distinct gradations, each of which would have its own lights and shades. Suppose, however, by under-exposure, insufficient development, over-printing, or other means, we made the boots and the trousers both assume the same tint, the deepest our printing paper will give, this would be called bad tone-rendering or false tonality in the shadows. Both boots and trousers would be "out of tone" relatively to each other, though the trousers might be "in tone" with all other parts of the picture.

Suppose, on the other hand, the high-lights were blocked in the negative, so that the hat, face, and collar all printed as white paper: there would be obviously false tonality in the high-lights.

Or suppose, by use of "ordinary" plates, the face is rendered as dark as, or darker than, the hat, we again have false tonality. The face is "out of tone" or "out of key," for want of isochromatism.

These three examples illustrate the principal (but not the only) cases of false tonality in photography, and they are more frequently noticeable in landscape than in portraiture. Probably very few, if any, photographic works are absolutely correct in tone-rendering; so that in apportioning blame we must be guided by the extent, rather than by the fact of error. But there are immense numbers of works, even in our best exhibitions, in which the faults are very obvious and easily avoidable.

In dealing with a subject having seven tones or tints ranging from white to black, and in representing it with black pigment (silver deposit or what not) upon white paper, the most obvious method is to let our white paper represent the highest tone, and black pigment the lowest, with the others at corresponding intervals between white and black,—various greys. This is what the "technical" photographer will always aim to do. The artist, however, may prefer to represent his white by white paper, and his black by a comparatively light grey (keeping the picture in a high key), or he may use black for his deep shadows, with grey for his highest light (a low key), or he may use no white or black, but only varying greys; and yet artists will say that all these pictures are

"in tone" if the relative distances between the different steps of tone are preserved.

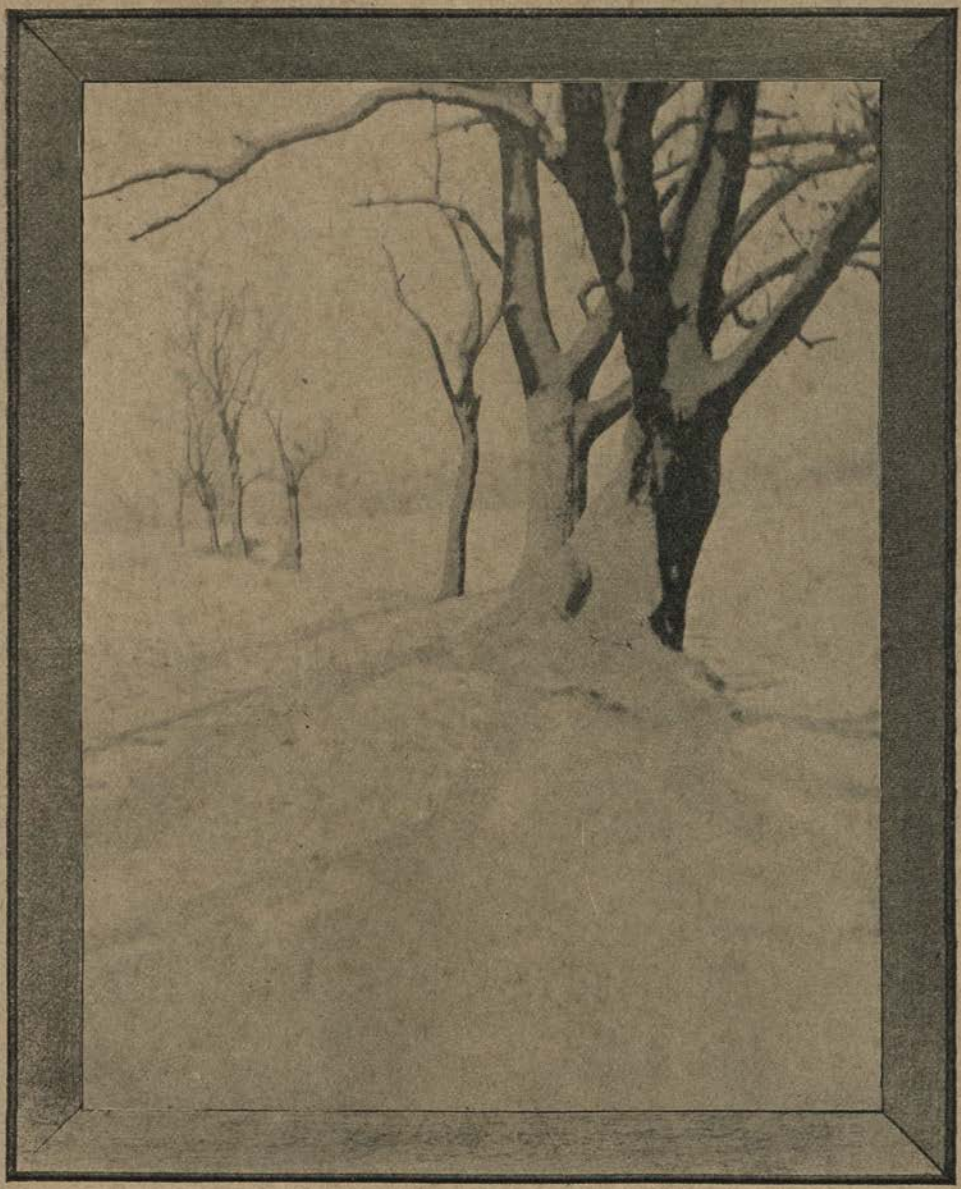
Variety is a valuable factor in picture-making. A number of exactly-repeated lines or forms is most difficult to arrange in such a way as to make an interesting picture. This we find when attempting to make a group—composed entirely of people of about the same age, size, and general appearance. If we have a family, father, mother, and children of various ages, well and good; they can be arranged pictorially. But a young men's Sunday-school class, or a cricket team, cannot, unless some of them will consent to be considerably suppressed; as in a view of the cricket match, where one or two of the fielders may be prominent but almost back view, while the rest of the team may face the camera, but be very small. With trees, hills, houses, or other objects the same thing holds good; if monotonously similar they make an interesting picture impossible. This is one of the reasons why a house which is viewed from the front and which is hopelessly uninteresting because it has (say) eight precisely similar windows, with a door and a smaller window exactly in its centre, may have some slight degree of interest when viewed from one corner so that the perspective makes the windows appear to vary in size.

8½×4. JUNE ROSES. *Silver.*

*By Walter Selfe.*

Hackney P.S. at Golden Green.

Emphasis is an important consideration in picture-making, and is often employed to relieve monotony. With four entirely similar objects (say four men) one may be emphasised, 1, by isolation, as by grouping the three together in one half of the space and giving to the fourth a position in the other half; 2, by contrast, as by placing the one man against a background which is dissimilar in



13×11¼

SUN AND SNOW.

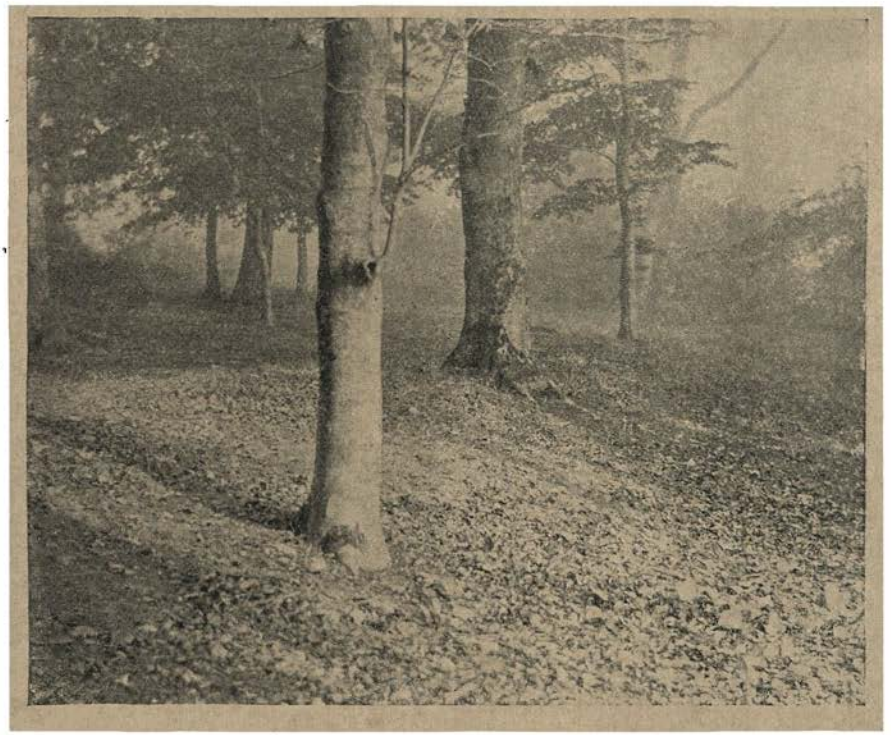
*By A. H. Robinson.*

tone from his clothing. This may be done either by using a gradated background (as part sunshine and part shadow), or, if one man is dressed in black and the three in grey, by placing them against an evenly toned background, almost matching the greys; 3 by position (apart from isolation) by placing the important object in a "strong" and the others in relatively "weak" position in the space; 4 by size (perspective), bringing the principal object nearer to the camera than the other objects; 5 by lighting, giving the principal a strong lighting, with shadow; and the others a flat lighting or a position in the shade. Two or more of these methods may be combined and they may be applied to any class of objects.

I should very much like to be able to answer that oft-repeated question, "*Why* is No. 273 a picture, when you say that mine is not?" It seems a simple question, yet it is most difficult to answer; for after all, composition, lines, masses, light and shade, perspective, and so on, do but enable us to make a dead body, and any picture worth the name must have a soul. The spirit or sentiment is that which differentiates a picture from the most perfect "record," without which the most perfect composition is not "art," but with which a picture may be a masterpiece though it breaks the rules. Anyone can see that a picture which "tells a story" is, all other things being equal, better than one which does not. Carrying the same argument a step further, the work that fully embodies a noble thought, or a great idea, is better than one which merely tells a story. The rules of composition, and all the other tricks and artifices of the artist, are only observances of those methods whereby, as experience has told him or his forefathers, certain mental impressions can be made. In attempting to make a picture, decide what thought you wish to embody. Consider the kindred thoughts, so that your chosen one becomes well defined (for instance, if you would illustrate sorrow, consider how it differs from grief and despair). Choose then the subject, the lines, the tones, the arrangement, that will carry out your idea. For "sorrow," a human figure seems fitted; graceful, flowing lines are indicated, therefore a feminine draped figure should be chosen; the subject is solemn, therefore dark, simple drapery, without trimmings or harsh contrasts; the subject is difficult of expression by the face, therefore a full-length is preferable: sorrow implies submission, therefore the main lines should tend to the horizontal, and should be curved, rather than straight or angular; it is far removed from gaiety, therefore a general low tone, with soft gradations, seems proper. Further, sorrow is expressed by certain well known postures: the drooping body, head bent upon the folded arms, hence these may be followed; and sorrow is often for a material loss, the death of a husband or child, hence the cause can be suggested by a little coffin, a portrait, or what not. Sorrow, again, implies abandonment and forgetfulness of self, hence the model will probably wear her hair hanging loose over her shoulders: certainly not dressed and frizzed, and tricked out with gaudy pins. Even the personality of the model may do much to make or mar the picture, for although curly-haired mothers love their children as much as those with straight locks; dark straight hair, and long, rather than chubby, dimpled features belong to the melancholic temperament, and it is no good attempting to typify "sorrow" by a cherry-cheeked model with a mass of golden ringlets.

Sorrow is an intense feeling, therefore the picture must contain no distracting elements. The wall-paper must not show gigantic flowery pattern, the furniture (if any) must be simple and severe, and we must have no pictures, gewgaws, mantelpiece ornaments or vases of flowers scattered about. A wedding-ring (only) can be allowed on the hand; and a rosary may be permitted, not around the neck, where it might suggest ornament, but in the hand or on the table, where it only suggests prayer.

The pose of body, head, and arms must be considered in full detail. Shall the figure kneel, sit, or lie prone? Shall the head rest upon the nearer or the



$9\frac{1}{4}\times7\frac{3}{4}$. THE YEAR LIES FALLEN AND FADED.

*By the Rev. T. Perkins.*

further arm? Shall one hand show plainly, and if so, shall it be limply drooping over the edge of the coffin or table, indicating that the sorrow verges on complete resignation, or shall the fingers be bent and the hand partly closed, as in nervous agitation? Shall the arm be bare or partly draped? What lines of the face shall be shown, remembering that we must not direct attention to the face, features, beauty or ugliness of the model, but to the thought we are trying to express?

The lighting must be concentrated, and subdued. Light suggests cheer and courage, and the light that shines upon sorrow is spiritual, from without, hence

we may use the familiar convention of light beams streaming from a high position, outside the picture, direct upon the bowed figure. These, however, must not be harsh and brilliant, but be suggested rather than defined.

If our subject is a landscape, the same sort of detailed consideration is necessary. The temptation is, too often, to select too abstruse a subject; with too many lines, masses, incidents and details. The "moaning eventide" school, much as it has been reviled, had the courage and good sense to confine itself to subjects which were in their nature simple, with a "sentiment" well defined, in a comparatively low key, and with a relatively short scale of tones. Their success was secured when they fairly caught the feeling of mist and evening and the weird loneliness of the marsh-land. The failure of a host of imitations came from ignorance of the spirit of the scene, as well as of those rules of line and tone which had made the early pictures enjoyable.

Suppose, however, we select such a subject as "Spring-time," and decide to illustrate it by a landscape scene rather than by a study of a young girl or of spring flowers. The feeling we wish to convey is of brightness, unfolding light and warmth, freshness and vigor. In actual fact, Spring may be a drippy, drizzly, foggy period, blent of out-of-date October and November weather, but pictorially we must deal with the ideal Spring, the Spring of the poets. Therefore, our key must be high, our shadows small but strong, our high-lights much more scattered than in the sorrow picture, for we want the sense of bright, elusive, glinting, glancing sunshine through boughs that are not yet in full leaf. It must be done in real Spring-time, but rather late, for the trees and flowers are, actually, later than the calendars and the poets' dreams would make them. We may take a scene in a woodland or spinney, for the introduction of any appreciable space of sky tends to kill our many-flecked lights. The trees should be close young stoles of eighteen or twenty feet high, rather than old moss-grown trunks. The lines of the composition must be mostly upright, the angles acute, and pointing upward. To prevent monotony from the repetition of too many stems we must use a relatively long focus lens and choose our position in a little clearing. The sun high, and in such position as to have one-third of each trunk lighted and two-thirds in soft shadow, the trees sufficiently in leaf to throw well-defined but cool soft shadows on trunks and on the ground, with primroses, the lesser celandine, or wood-anemone in patches amid thick moss, are the conditions required. The ancient boggy cart-ruts, or the drifted piles of sodden leaves which may be seen in too many real Spring scenes, form no part of our ideal. We want gay seeming; let us therefore use our color-sensitive plates, give a full exposure, and develop to give us strength with softness, especially preserving our soft gradations in the high-lights.

In fact, and in fine, let us remember that in picture-making we are using an advanced and a subtle symbolism. Only by having a clear conception of the inner meaning as well as the outer form of our subject, a knowledge (instinctive or studied) of the symbolism of line, mass, and tone, as well as a mastery of our technical methods, can we hope to achieve pictorial success.

BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN.

*By Mrs. Gertrude Kasebier, New York.*

8×6½. *Plat.* THE LUCK OF EDEN HALL. *Salon, 177.*

*By Mrs. Eva Watson Schutze.*

# Progress in The United States.

"AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHY is humming along." Such is the statement of a well known worker on this side, and after thinking of the many reams of paper which might be filled with discussions of our work, or of ourselves —with eulogy, controversy, denunciation, or sheer patter—it almost seems as though in this brief sentence he has summed up the salient feature of the year.

For after a year's work, during which I have come more or less in touch with several hundreds of photographers, the dominant feeling is that they have been increasing the number of their negatives, and that among their results they find cause for considerable quiet satisfaction. True, we have had our full share of little sensations (for we are wont to take our photography somewhat seriously and rather sensitively), and those who indulge in what may be called the political side of photography have been as busy and as successful as usual; but in spite of gossiping sensations the trend of photography has been quietly forward. The number of those who have within the year passed through the first wonderment period of photography is not so great as in some previous years; but the number of those who have survived the probation period, and who are now working more or less intelligently and earnestly, is probably greater than at any previous time. The wideness of its successful practice is one of the most pleasing features of American photography; its strength lies not so much in the skill or originality of its better known exponents, as in the great number of those who are doing good work. Compared with these latter, exhibiting photographers and those who crave publicity are but the smaller factor.

*Photograms of the Year*, published to record the two great English exhibitions, is issued before the American salons are opened. At the date of the 1901 issue, we were looking forward with an unusual degree of interest to the opening of the Philadelphia Salon. This exceptional interest was due to an attempt to somewhat broaden the selection of the exhibits. A strong feeling had arisen among the members of the Photographic Society of Philadelphia against the dominant factor in the management of their exhibition. It was felt by a number of workers, and by some who were not workers, that the policy of rigidly maintaining a high standard of "artistic feeling" as necessary to selection, had evolved a somewhat arrogant cliqueism; and this feeling had resulted in changes in the salon management and judges. It was confidently expected among would-be exhibitors that work rejected in former years would now have a new chance at the hands of the judges; and so the event proved. The task of the judges was rendered simpler when a number of the best workers and best-known exhibitors declined to send any photograms. This left space for the hanging of much new work, and probably everything submitted, which was worthy of the honor,

found room on the walls; with a result which was interesting and hopeful, but from which anything "great" was absent. Much of the work was tasteful or pretty—indeed, polite adjectives might sufficiently describe most of it—and nothing was unearthed worthy of being termed the picture of the year. Broadly considered, possibly the salon of 1901 was as successful as its predecessor. It has, however, proved unfortunate in sequel; for the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts has declined to allow the salon to be held under its roof during this year. The reasons for this decision scarcely come within the scope of this

MARJORIE.

*By H. Mudie Draper.*

article; but the result is that the Photographic Society of Philadelphia will forego this year's salon rather than seek a new home. Thus pictorial photography receives a set-back.

With Philadelphia in abeyance, Chicago promises to be the sole salon of the year. Advice comes from San Francisco of a suggested change of date from January to some later period of the year—probably autumn; this will postpone the effort until late in 1903, when we trust to see what will prove to be the third *annual* western effort.

6½×4¼.

WINTER EVENING.

*By F. C. Baker, Cleveland, Ohio.*

During the summer we in New York have been treated to an exhibition of work by the self-styled "Photo-Secession." Composed in chief part of those photographers who have dissented from Philadelphia, the Secession will presumably become an American equivalent of the Linked Ring. The best work of the Secessionists was displayed in an exhibition intended to appeal to the general public, particularly that section of it which frequents galleries and cultivates an art atmosphere. In this appeal the effort was doubtless successful, though it proved rather a disappointment to photographers, owing to the comparatively small amount of new work which was hung. We may now reasonably hope that purely pictorial photography will in America henceforward have a worthy home, and one unassailably in the hands of its own friends. There is with us in the eastern states ample scope for rival exhibitions, in addition to others further west.

It has more than once been urged by English writers that America has no landscape. Our workers have even been known to accept this dictum, and mournfully attribute it to our "lack of atmosphere." Indications have not been wanting, during the past summer, that we may have atmosphere after all—of the English brand—at any rate in New York. Thanks to protracted strikes, a coal famine has threatened, and factories have taken advantage of the strained conditions to dodge city ordinances and burn soft coal. As a result, we have had days in which the sky looked decidedly murky. Fortunately, the danger is now past, and we have returned to anthracite coal and clear skies, satisfied that we do not need any artificial veilers of the beautiful.

While challenging the statement that we have no landscape, I might suggest an alternative—that we have but little *English* landscape. Of healthy sunny landscape we have our full share, as must inevitably be in a broad land of clear sunshine and much vegetation; a land of lakes and rivers, of forests and farms; a land of coast-line, and mountains and plains. True it is that we have little of the sanctity of antiquity spread over our land; and we have not the beautiful results of centuries of pictorial gardening—for as such your parks and farms and lanes suggest themselves to us. Over large sections of the country barbed wire is our only fencing, and skeleton steel windmills tower above our farm buildings. But we are by no means confined to such subjects. Conditions approximating European are found among the hills and farms of New England and the Northern Atlantic States. It is a part of the country with undulating hills, fields of grain, set with clumps of timber or shade trees; a land of rivers and cattle, of haying and harvesting. Far in the west the work is of grandeur. From Alaska to Southern California the scenery is of glaciers or of mountain masses, of wild coast-line or of deep cañon. And throughout the land, from the semitropic Everglades of Florida to the thousand lakes of Maine, there is a rich variety of scene for those who wish to picture long stretches of country, or for those who wish to find their pictures in hidden kinks and corners. I have no wish to compare the merits of the landscape of two continents. Sufficient that America has its own distinctive picture material, which is not necessarily better or worse than, but is different from, the picture material of England.

So much of landscape, because the evident trend of our work is now towards

"HEIMWEH."

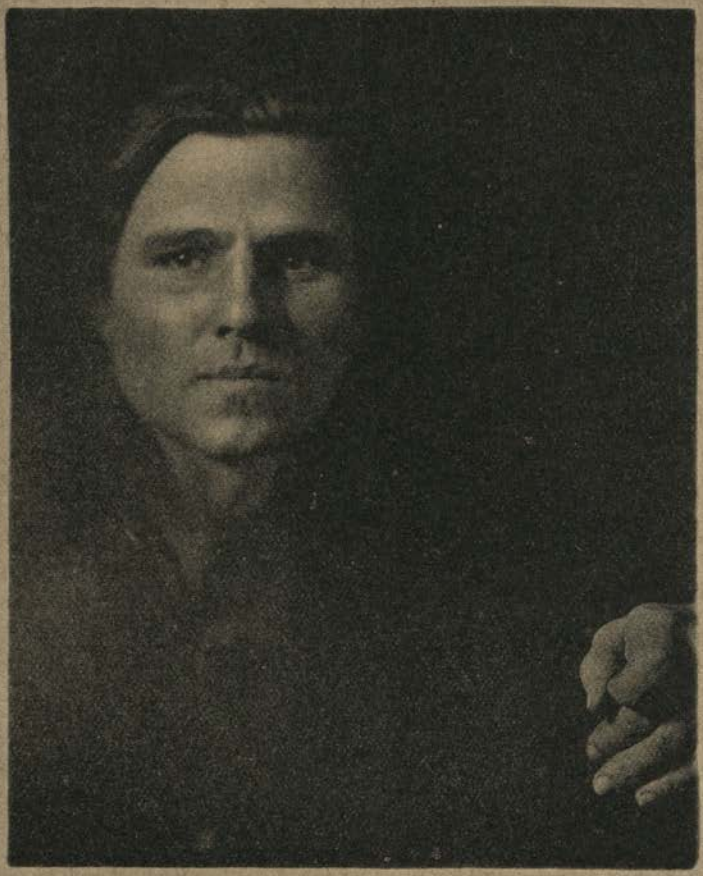
*By Mrs. Myra Albert Wiggins, Salem, Oregon.*

the open air and the sunshine. The "American School," that band of cleve workers which has, during the past few years, drawn so much attention to our country, is more than ever drawing into a close coterie. The distinction of representing America is slipping from its grasp, and it bids fair to become an interesting episode in the history of photography. This is not from any loss of strength on its part, as much as from a strengthening of the outside influence, resulting in a readjustment of relative values. The working photographer takes but a secondary interest in abstract questions as to the relation between photography and art;

4 × 5. SUNSHINE IN THE STREET.
*By Frank H. Stevens.*

and he has looked indulgently—and, it may be said, a little uncomprehendingly—at the more strenuous efforts of the school. He has recognised a striving after the invention of artistic effects, instead of an earnest expression of what has been artistically felt. Therein he has in truth recognised the weakness of as many of the adherents of the coterie as by too closely following the perilous path of control, have become mere clever manipulators of developers.

From this "brush and pencil" work the swing of the pendulum has been unmistakably in the direction of pure photography. The working photographer has gone gunning after results; and we are beginning to once more appreciate



13×9.

PORTRAIT OF A MAN.

*By Firie Macdonald, New York.*

THE RENDEZVOUS.

*By George E. Tingley, Mystic, Conn.*

photographic beauty. Just as we are wont at times to turn to a pile of cartes-de visite of the early sixties for the pure joy of studying the evidences of craftsmanship of a higher order, as shown in the honest grappling with the problems of lighting and pose and technique, so we turn to the work of the open-air photographer of to-day.

Pure photography has received a generous encouragement from the proprietors of several of our leading magazines. In this there has been no pandering to the fetish of cheapness, as has been too often the case when minor magazines have turned their attention to portraits. The magazines have understood the advantages of camera work, and have availed themselves of them. The Curtis Company of Philadelphia have been pioneer friends of photography; and when they took over the *Saturday Evening Post*, with the intention of converting it into a popular weekly, they tried the experiment of occasionally illustrating fiction with photograms. The publications of Doubleday Page & Co., notably *The World's Work* and *Country Life in America*, depend almost solely on the camera for their illustrations, and in the case of the latter it may be said that its publication is only possible through the aid of the camera. The work is by photographers who are deservedly widely known, and it receives the fullest possible interpretation from the blockmaker and the printer. If the parallel may be allowed, the position of this class of work to the general run of press work is somewhat as is the literary work in some high grade magazine to the rush journalism of the daily press.

This magazine work has a considerable influence on the work of the country, for the considerable aggregate circulation of these magazines brings the best work of the livest workers before thousands of the photographers of the country; and particularly, perhaps, before those who have but little acquaintance with our purely photographic literature.

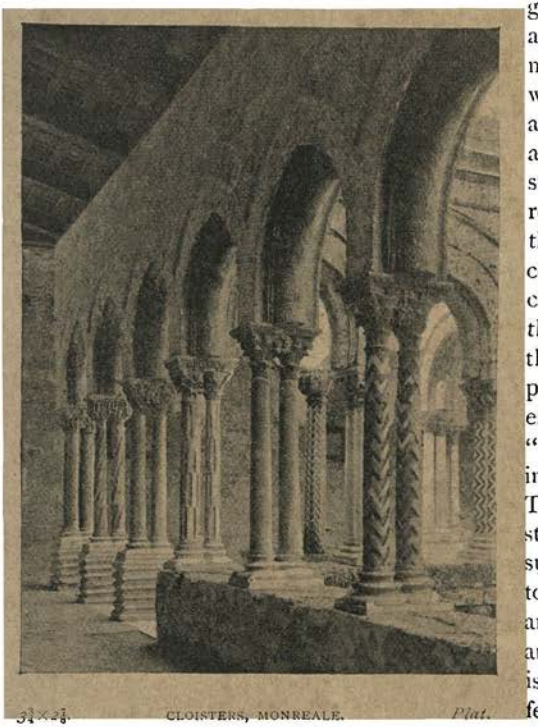
Illustrative work of this class has shown us a number of men who do not merely produce an occasional successful picture, but who are able to *maintain* a high grade of work. Possibly there is no surer test of a man than his ability to repeatedly reach his own standard of success. There can be but little resting on laurels in magazine work; the spaces are there each week, and each week they must be filled.

Not purely landscape, but essentially of the open air, is the present interest in natural history work. For years natural history has been associated in the public mind with juvenile animal picture books, and suddenly, through the influence of the camera, it has become a popular hobby. The workers who have specialised in this branch have entered into the true spirit of the work, giving a large share of their attention to the obtaining of truthfulness in their results. Thus menagerie photography is a thing of the past, and our animals are tracked to their own haunts. The amount of observation and patience necessary to the locating of some of our rarer and nocturnal animals may be faintly imagined. By skilfully placed baits night feeders have been seduced to late hours that the early light might find them unconsciously posing before the camera. The holes or coverts of shy day feeders have been focussed, and hours of patient waiting have resulted in occasional success. By rapid degrees our

fauna is thus being recorded, and in a manner which is in many respects better than our museum method, or even than our zoos.

Our flora has proved no less attractive, and in spite of the beliefs of the lay mind, affords sufficient difficulties to keep the most successful workers for ever hoping and fearing and aspiring.

The professional photographer has had little reason to complain during the past year. The American public has always given a generous response when good work has been offered to it, and the photographer has fairly made the offer. The movement which commenced a few years ago, in which naturalness of pose and "painter-like effects" were strong factors, has spread. The reaction against "the usual thing" is not by any means confined to workers in large cities. The primary reason of this spreading is undoubtedly the individual effort of the photographer; but it has been encouraged by the spirit of "fraternity" and lack of jealousy in the ranks of the profession. Trade secrets are an unusual stock-in-trade on this side. The successful man is always ready to show his work at conventions, and often through the magazines, and his information and advice is much at the disposal of his fellow worker. Thus new ideas rapidly travel through the country, and photographers are much on the alert, to the advantage of the status of the professional photographer.



3¼×2⅜. CLOISTERS, MONREALE. *Plat.*

*By Dr. A. E. Bodington.*

The journalistic world has suffered one considerable change. Mr. Stieglitz and his friends have stepped down in a body from the management of *Camera Notes*. It is announced that the magazine will continue "as hitherto"; and the best wishes of everyone go with it—but it will be no easy task to maintain it at or near the standard set by its late editor. With this exception, the press world has suffered no great change, its chief feature being the rapid advance of several of the newer magazines.

12¼×9½.

THE JEWELLER'S SHOP.

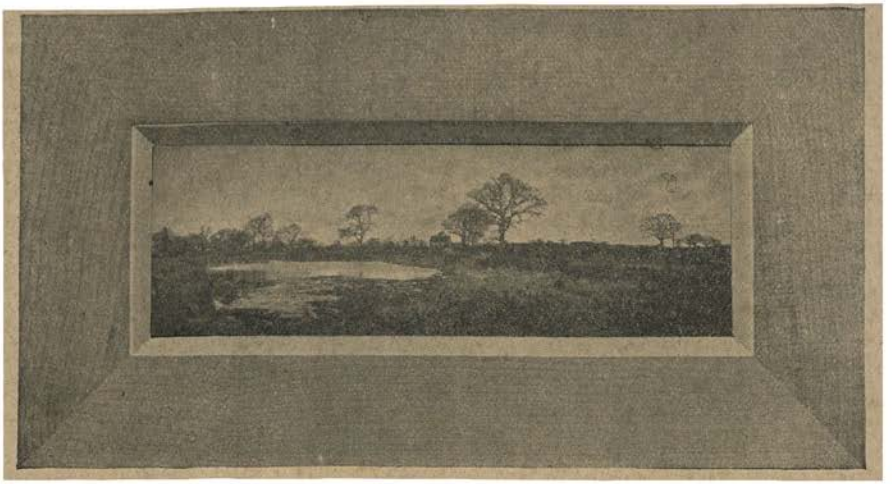
*By Miss Zaida Ben Yusuf, New York.*

Illustration to a novel. Copyright 1902 by The Curtis Publishing Co. By kind permission of *The Saturday Evening Post*, Philadelphia.

$6\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$.

THE BUFFALO EXPOSITION.

*By F. W. C. Pohle, Buffalo, N.Y.*



A CHESHIRE COMMON.
*By Richard S. Harding.*

## The Work of the Year.

### A Fragmentary Retrospect.

ONE of the greatest pleasures in the past, which we have renewed again this year, is that of seeing some of those whose work has been submitted for our "Constructive Criticism," coming to the front, and securing recognition for their work. As we have often said before, we are always prepared to constructively criticise two or three prints, if sent with stamps for return, and addressed to "Constructive Criticism," c/o *The Photogram, Ltd.* The work is undertaken by various members of our staff, and the aim is to encourage whatever is promising, but to frankly point out what is absolutely bad. One of the criticised writes acknowledging :—"Your criticism, for which I beg to express my heartiest thanks, and for the trouble you have taken to give me such consideration of my two first prints to you. Previously I have always had a sort of fear to submit my work, although you clearly express your willingness in *Photograms* to help those who will only do as you ask. Your note gives me every encouragement, and I like the manner in which you certainly say what you think."

A series of prize competitions which has been running monthly in *The Photogram* for a couple of years, and less regularly for several years before, has steadily increased its interest and the pictorial value of the works sent in competition. Incidentally it has been useful in bringing to light a few very good workers who are wholly or comparatively unknown at exhibitions, and a couple

of the successful pictures, *Summer Sunshine*, Mrs. Dumas (p. 50), and *The Toeing-off*, Mrs. Helen P. Gatch (p. 51), are reproduced in these pages.

The catholic and educational nature of these competitions may be judged from a list of the subjects arranged for next year, which is as follows :—

A "Home" Scene by day or artificial light. Trimming. Outdoor Scene in Winter or bad weather. Poster or Magazine Cover. Architectural: Interior or exterior. Figures in Landscape. Children. Orthochromatics. Outdoor Sports or Games. For Beginners only: Most pictorial landscape. Lake, River, and Sea: Picture. Open Air Portraiture.

7¼×5¼. BLACKBERRY BLOSSOM. *Plat.*
*By Miss Mary C. Eames.*

Particulars and conditions of these competitions will be found amongst the advertisement pages.

The recognition of photography's artistic claims by outside bodies, artistic or municipal, proceeds steadily if slowly. Robert Demachy writes of Eduard Steichen's moral victory in Paris; Southport has secured municipal support for an exhibition on the lines laid down by Bradford some few years ago; the magnificent recognition given in New York is mentioned in Alfred Stieglitz's notes elsewhere in this issue; the Yorkshire Union of Artists and the City Art Gallery, Leeds, have devoted the North Gallery to an invitation exhibition of photograms; all of which facts show the steady trend of photography to an assured place amongst the Fine Arts.

In portraiture there are some signs of a tendency to replace the old and bad set of conventions known as the professional's "usual thing" by a set of new and much worse conventions. We saw this in the United States a few years ago, when black vignetting ran its disastrous course and became a craze, but the present danger is of something even worse than a temporary craze, because it is

$6\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{5}{8}$. A PORTRAIT. *Silver.*

*By Mademoiselle Lagnarde, Paris.*

based on ignorant imitation of certain features in the work of many highly esteemed men. The "American School" attracted much attention by frequent use of very low-toned schemes, and, in portraiture, by the "carving" method, as some of its critics called it. This consisted of cutting the human form in places where it had not generally been cut before; either by losing the undesired portion in blackness or by trimming it away from the print. Curiously, the folk who had never objected to the "carving" away of legs, in half-length or three-quarter-length, or of a whole trunk and limbs when making a "head" or a "bust" portrait, were terribly outraged when the cutting-line was made vertical instead of horizontal, and a profile portrait was trimmed to exclude the shoulders and back of the head. Following the low-tone schemes came an arrangement—typified by specimens of the work of Crooke, Histed, Furley Lewis and others, reproduced in a few of our past issues—which, although not new, sprang into a new popularity. This style seeks for strength by using a fairly and sometimes very strong light upon the face of the sitter, with a dark background, into which the clothing, hair, etc., is merged and lost. A good example of this style is the portrait of Louis Langfier, on the opposite page. The success of these conventions has led to disastrous results. Fortunately, the profession, generally, has been steadied by its conservatism and its customers, and has taken up these styles, if at all, tentatively and with good judgment. But a host of amateurs, with a few professionals, have plunged recklessly. Their low tones become simply hard obscurity, their fearless trimming degenerates into ignorant butchery, their efforts at strong effects result in harsh ghastliness accentuated against harsh blackness. A small flood of these unsatisfactory imitations has reached us this year; and to the senders thereof we tender the earnest advice to try to work on their own lines and to produce something for which they can give a reason.

Before leaving the subject, however, we may say that not all of the examples submitted and refused were rejected because we thought them bad. Some were at least so good that we should have accepted them with pleasure had they stood alone. But the mere fact of belonging to a very large class is a disadvantage in our own, as in the exhibitions' selections, for when the numbers are great, the quality must be unusually high to secure acceptance.

The publication of *La Photographie du Nu*, by M. Klary, again directs attention to a subject of which we have heard but little during the past year or two. The book is a summary of past efforts, rather than an original contribution, and is valuable as collecting a hundred examples, by forty-two different workers, and including several of the best nudes shown during recent years, as well as many that are new to us. It also prints, or reprints, articles by C. Klary, the late Gleeson White, Gustav Fritsch, Will A. Cadby, and Gabriely.

A careful consideration of the whole work confirms the conclusion given in these pages and in *The Photogram* by the late Gleeson White, that though the nude is a legitimate and even a desirable branch of study for photographers, satisfactory results are almost impossible, with present limitations of photographers and photography, of obtainable models and permissible surroundings.

11×5½.

LOUIS LANGFIER.

*By Langfier, Ltd.*

The difficulty of obtaining figures of even reasonable perfection is strongly brought out, as we see in case after case, careful arrangements spoiled by a pair of ugly shoulder-blades, a cramped chest, unduly thin arms, or ugly lines of body or legs. The male figures are perhaps less unsatisfactory than the female, though there is a tendency to select boys who are too young, and therefore scraggy and undeveloped. This difficulty reminds one of how it is told of Zeuxis, that when he wished to paint a Helen of Troy, the people of Crotona brought to him the fairest and most perfect of their daughters, each of whom he used as a model for "whatever Nature had formed most perfect" in her, "uniting these admirable parts in one single figure." If Zeuxis, amongst the lightly-clad and athletic people of old Greece, had such difficulty in finding a perfect figure, how much more is this the case in our day of constrictive garments and monotonous, figure-spoiling occupations.

6×4½. A SUNSHINY SHOWER. *Plat.*
*By Ernest Law.*
Hackney P.S. at Golden Green.

The great difficulty of finding surroundings and poses in which the nude figure will look otherwise than arbitrarily placed and self-conscious, is emphasised as strongly as the difficulty of finding good figures. And want of familiarity with the subject is apparent in many cases, where the photographer has certainly not emphasised the best lines of his model.

In the rendering of texture, and the suggestion of anatomy, the work is very generally defective, again suggesting that photographers only take up the subject in a shy, tentative way; and that although many of the results are called "studies," very little study or thought has been connected with their production.

A minor, but very real, difficulty, is the pallor of the skin of the modern human being, especially in contrast with the face and hands, which are reasonably pigmented; and the general conclusion at which one arrives is that the photographer who wishes to really study the nude should select his models with very great care, masculine for preference, and not too young, and should induce them to take a series of sun baths and become accustomed to the unclad state.

An experiment of some interest to those photographic societies which aim at

improving the artistic powers of their members was successfully carried out during the summer months by the Hackney Photographic Society. The suggestion came from the editor of these pages, who thought that the waning popularity of most societies' summer excursions arose from their desultory picnic character, and who invited the Hackney men to take part in a day's serious work on figure-studies.

4×3. DOG DAISIES.
*By Wm. Rawlings.*
Hackney P.S. at Golden Green.

Societies' excursions have generally busied themselves with pure landscape or architecture, and the change to definite figure work was appreciated, as is evidenced by the fact that thirty-four members of the society journeyed into the heart of Kent. The grounds of Mr. Ward's home provided sufficient variety of background, and as the intention was to bring out the individuality of the workers, it was arranged that they should be divided into six parties, the grounds divided into six sections. Six models were provided, and the time was broken into six periods. At the end of each half-hour a horn was blown, whereupon each model moved to a new position, and each party of photographers also moved. While the models moved sún-wise, the photographers did the reverse, so that in three hours each party had worked in six different surroundings and with five different models. The models included three young women in simple country costume, a blind newspaper vendor, an "oldest inhabitant," and a gardener. It was part of the plan that the members of the parties should take turns at posing the models, so that during the afternoon every man should make at least one original arrangement, but this was not rigidly carried out. In fact, in most of the parties one man became the leader, with the rest as vigorous critics and assistants.

*11½×9. Carbon.* MARGUERITES. *R.P.S., 15.*

*By G. Parks.*

Hackney P.S. at Golden Green.

The arranger of the excursion offered certain medals for a competition to be held during the autumn, at which the results of the day's work will be submitted to two independent judges; but even now, before the bulk of the results have been seen, the experiment can be fairly pronounced an artistic and educational success, in addition to having been an enjoyable picnic. Half a dozen or so of the first-fruits of the exposures are reproduced on pages 23, 32, 56, 80, 81, and 82; and they are sufficient to show what interesting work can be done with the models obtainable in any village, in the surroundings of a modest country house. In selecting suitable surroundings, varied backgrounds, and effective lightings, the members of the party showed a facility which is remarkable, when we remember that they were in entirely strange surroundings, and that half an hour was the extreme limit of time with a given model or a given section of the ground. And when I speak of a section I do not mean a corner where there was only one possible pose, but sections of a few acres in extent, and in cases where the extent was smaller, with dozens or scores of different suitable settings for the figure.

13¾×10¾. WILLOWS. *Plat.*

*By Miss Agnes B. Warburg.*

The idea seems worth following by other societies, and it is capable of expansion in many directions, though probably the plan of devoting the morning to landscape and general work (in this case four miles of the rich Medway valley) and the afternoon to the special study of the day, is a good working basis.

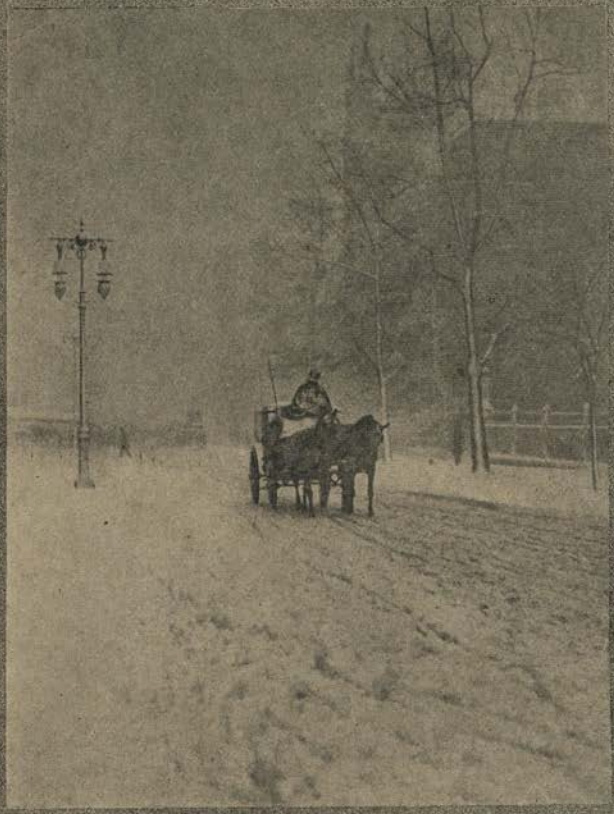
One of the important books of the year produced mainly by photography is "Camera Shots at Big Game," by A. G. Wallihan (New York: Doubleday Page & Co.). To our readers Mr. Wallihan is no stranger, nor are examples of his work entirely unfamiliar, but even to them the book as a whole would come as something of a revelation. In some cases, of course, the illustrations, though intensely interesting as studies of animal life, have no pictorial value, but in a

surprising proportion of the examples the "shots" are really good pictures, excellent in their strong simple lines, with their objects well placed, suitably lighted and well recorded. Some curious examples of flash-light pictures in which the animals themselves sprung traps which exposed the plate and set off the light, are included. In selecting an example for these pages we chose *Startled Does* as a curiously novel piece of observation and one which is distinctly decorative.

A valuable portion of the book is the long introduction by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, himself a photographer as well as a keen sportsman, which closes with a tribute to the value of camera-stalking, in the following words on outdoor sport: — "The chief attractions lie in the physical hardihood for which the life calls, the sense of limitless freedom which it brings, and the remoteness and wild charm and beauty of primitive Nature All of this we get exactly as much in hunting with the camera as in hunting with the rifle, and of the two, the former is the kind of sport which calls for the higher degree of skill, patience, resolution, and knowledge of the life history of the animal sought."

BROKEN STAIRWAY, HARLECH CASTLE.
*By Dr. T. G. Crump.*

The steadily increasing use of "carbon" is one of the notable facts of the year, and one which is partly attributable to commercial enterprise, as well as to the versatility, beauty, and permanence of the medium. The sound propagandist work of the Autotype Co., extending over so many years, received a fresh impetus when Elliot & Son took up the making of carbon tissues, and had yet another fillip from the advent of Illingworth & Co., in the field of competition. Mr. Illingworth's very successful demonstration at the Photographic Convention was responsible for some renewal of interest; and his company's prize competition attracted much attention, especially on the part of professionals, to this beautiful method.



12×8½. SNOW STORM. Plat.

*By John Beeby, New York.*



LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

One of the events of the year was the one-man show of W. Smedley Aston at the rooms of the Royal Photographic Society, opened by a long, carefully argued, and earnest appeal to photographers to leave all ways of "fake," fashion, and insincerity, and to proceed along the paths of simple photography. The storm raised around this address in the photographic press was somewhat surprising, and perhaps hypercritical, but the whole incident was useful, as helping to clear the air and to recall attention to those simple direct methods which Mr. Aston values and the beautiful results of which are so well shown in his work.

LEAVES.
*By Carl Fredericksen (Copenhagen).*

We quote at some length from Mr. Aston's paper, because we think that the points he raises are well worth consideration, but in taking these excerpts from a long address, we must necessarily break its finish and continuity.

Speaking of landscapes, he mentioned some which embodied the treatment he now approves: — "(1) They are more or less successful in conveying a sense of sunshine, which is exhilarating as compared with the somewhat depressing effect produced by the low-toned evening subjects; (2) they rely for their interest entirely on the subject-matter which actually presented itself when the photographs were taken, rather than to any extent deriving it from sky effects subsequently added from separate negatives; (3) the subjects are all simply and directly treated, nothing has been added, nothing eliminated."

Again:—"William Morris lays it down as an incontrovertible axiom that the true artist will always try to get the most possible out of his particular medium and always in such a way as to honor it best. Not only should it be obvious what one's medium is, but something should be done with it which is especially natural to it—something that could not be done with any other medium."

"To attempt to make stone look like iron, or wood like silk, or pottery like stone, is," he says, "the last resource of decrepitude in art."

12×8.

THE RIGOR OF THE GAME.

*By E. C. Joshua (Melbourne).*

*Plat.*

"This, of course, we may apply with special aptness to photography. To make a photograph look like an etching, a wash drawing, a mezzotint, and to go the length of framing it as such, to back up a transparency with gold paper or silk gauze, proclaims, far more eloquently than any arguments of mine, the purblind fatuist who, having eyes, sees not, and reveals a state of mind that is sadly deficient in the conception of the fitness of things and of what is right and true, and is altogether at variance with the principles which underlie all true art in any shape or form. In this connection Walter Pater says that 'the medium of each particular art brings with it a special and distinctive phase or quality of beauty which is untranslatable into the forms of any other. Each art, therefore, having its own peculiar and untranslatable charm, has its own special mode of reaching the imagination, its own special responsibilities to its material.'"

8×5. PASSING GLEAMS.
*By W. Robertson.*

This is where Mr. Aston is most likely to fall foul of his contemporaries. Both will admit the same premises, and the dispute arises on a matter of definition; for while Mr. Aston contends that certain modern methods are "the straining or perversion of photography in order to make it resemble other and alien processes," and condemns the "backing of a transparency with gold paper" and "similar eccentricities," as not being legitimate photography, the other, and the larger, and we think the more truly catholic school, will contend that the neglecting of any of these methods—when they will improve the result—is the real treachery to our beautiful craft. The controversy settles itself into a question of use and abuse, and in an artistic matter of this kind the final and the only real test is the success of the result: the means are unimportant; the end is everything.

But to continue :—"The object of an artist, in whatever sphere, is, first of all, to use his eyes—in a word, 'to see things truly, and to see them whole'—and unless by constantly doing this, he can see more than the average mortal troubles to see, he can scarcely hope to portray anything with enough success to make his production worth looking at by other people, for however well one sees what

IN GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR.
*By Francis A. Bolton.*

is good and beautiful in Nature, no one has yet been able to adequately reproduce it in any form.

"What one can do, and what every true artist does do, and will do, is to be entirely sympathetic towards one's subject and altogether sincere in his efforts to reproduce it just as faithfully and well as we know how to do.

"What, then, should be our course in photography? First of all, having recognised the limitations of our process, let us exercise a careful discrimination, so that by degrees we may come to know what subjects we may, if all goes well,

expect to treat successfully, and what subjects, on the other hand, we may never hope to translate.

"The greatest snare in this direction to the unwary is of course that of color. To the painter this is one of the chief attractions, for it comes altogether within his sphere. To the photographer it is otherwise; and when his sensuous emotions are aroused by some wonderful landscape, he should first try to find out how far the beauty of the scene is dependent on the enchantment of color; and, on the other hand, how far it is dependent on line, and form, and pattern, and such tone-values as he may hope to some extent to realise by photography.

HOAR FROST.
*By Dr. Llewellyn Morgan.*

If one can, by a careful and sympathetic study of Nature, come thus to discern what is possible to photography, and what is not, I submit that there is a way open, and an interesting one, for the employment of the camera as an interpreter of Nature in her best and brightest mood and in a worthy and acceptable manner.

"But even here, although we may be sincere in our efforts to reproduce what we see faithfully, there are many besetments, amongst which is that of inherent eagerness to improve on Nature and to improve on what we see. Here I would frankly say that in my earlier work I was more than a casual sinner in this direction; but surely if we have been aroused and captivated by a scene, is not

that scene good enough as it stands to hope to realise? But how seldom are we thus content, for how often do we hear talk to the effect that one came across a magnificent landscape the other day, and when one has printed in a fine sky effect, and altered this, and added that, he expects to have a really good picture! By such talk do we see how little, how very little, our too clever photographer knows of the spirit of the lover of Nature or of the true artist.

"In this direction also I want to lodge a protest, for it seems to me that all this passion for improving and supplementing is largely vulgar, and born of the same

EASTBOURNE PIER.

*By Ellis Kelsey.*

demoralising spirit that is so clearly abroad to-day in every walk of life, and to which we have already referred. Here, as in all things, if we are to get on right lines, we must come back to simplicity, in our case the essentials to success being the cultivation of a sympathetic vision, a sincerity of purpose, and simplicity of treatment. Remember—Beauty oftenest waits on simplicity. I believe that if these lines were to be followed more generally, we should be surprised at their complete adequacy for our purposes.

"As Ruskin says: 'True Art consists neither in altering nor improving Nature, but in seeking throughout Nature whatsoever things are lovely,' and

whatsoever things are pure. In loving these, in displaying to the utmost of one's power such loveliness as is in them, and directing the thoughts of others by winning art and gentle emphasis.'

"Of course it will often be necessary to exercise certain control over our process and even certain interference with the chemical procedure, such as, for instance, during the various stages of manipulation, to watch carefully the working out of certain of the more essential tone-values with a view to exercising just that amount of control which we may consider essential to rectify apparent

$20\frac{1}{2} \times 17$. MARCH WINDS. *Carbon.*

*By F. W. Smith.*

errors, which may have accrued during the working of the process, and in this connection we may find it necessary to carefully prepare our negative with a view to adjusting matters in the printing operations, but *always* and *only* just so far as to correct—not whimsically to *alter*, but merely to *correct*—so that our finished photograph may really represent the scene with which we have been enamoured, just as directly and truthfully as it is possible for it to do.

"Well, then, if we are to rank ourselves amongst the few who find real pleasure in their work, we must first have eyes to see, and feelings to fully appreciate our subject, before we can take delight in the working of it out.

"It is in this spirit, and this only, that we can expect to achieve true success

in our work—not the success of medals, and of paragraphs, but the success that is measured by the genuine happiness that it brings.

"If we can but keep in mind the truth and beauty of our subject as we actually see it in Nature, and realise our technical abilities to present it in our photograph, faithfully and well—if we can keep in mind that this is the one thing of supreme importance, we shall succeed, and, instead of being worried and excited in our mind in considering how original, up-to-date or 'advanced' we can show ourselves to be in our next effort, we shall experience a satisfaction, the like of which we have not known before, for it will matter not what others will think or say—it matters not what blame, what praise, or what distinction or recognition, for we shall then be experiencing that great satisfaction which comes from sincerity of purpose; and, as one of the noblest men has said: 'You will need no other acknowledgment save what you will get from your own work—the pleasure of creating beautiful things, which is the greatest pleasure in the world.'

"As to the choice of a subject, one finds it very difficult to speak in anything more than the most general terms, but he who has rightly taken up photography need never be long in quest of a subject. Morris somewhere asks the question: 'What then is worth seeing on this earth?' and replies in one word, 'everything—this to love and foster, and that to hate and destroy.'

"There is no need to refer to, much less to photograph, those things which the eye bids us hate, for, unhappily, these are generally better understood than 'the things which are more excellent,' and of these I want first to refer to the beauties of Nature—Nature, in her bright and sunny moments, in her freshest garb, or, maybe, in her quietest and most peaceful vein.

"It may not be on her grandest days, or in her show places. It may matter little whether it is Nature bold and majestic, or simple and, to the ordinary eye, perhaps scanty, for it is only through the appreciation of the latter that we can at all comprehend the former.

"As Tennyson, with fine imagery, truly says: 'Earth is crammed with heaven, and every bush afire with God. But only he who *sees*, takes off his shoes.'

"The Nature we must first learn to love is the Nature that lies round our doors, and we should do poorly to feast on her grandest and most impressive phases when we have not tasted of her simpler ways. In this connection I will read to you a few words of Morris bearing on this subject—words so strong and so true, and, for our purpose to-night, so entirely apt, that nothing I could say would express my meaning half as forcibly.

"He says: 'Of the beauties of Nature, considered purely by themselves, I will say little; mainly this, that our fault in respect of regarding these is that, for the most part, we refuse to pay attention to anything in Nature which is not tremendous and exciting; it must be an Alpine pass or a rocky seashore, or the richness of an Italian landscape, or, at least, a piece of mountain in Scotland or Wales—less than that will scarcely draw our eyes to beholding. Now, who will not be moved at such scenes as these? Yet, I must tell you that if you can get no pleasure out of the sight of a Warwickshire meadow or the hedgerows and little waving hills of my native Essex, or the flat fields and limestone banks of my adopted Oxfordshire-Berkshire land, I say, if those be nothing to you, I doubt

your capacity for really seeing the huge Swiss mountain and valley scenery, or the flanks of the Apennines, or the fairyland of the Guarda Lake or the terror of the Thrasymene."

Let us turn, now, to some of the work submitted this year, much of which will probably, though much of it also will not, be sent to the exhibitions.

Not often does a newcomer reach in one step the standard attained by David Blount in 1901. His success has apparently caused a demand for portrait exercises by him, and in addition to landscape and figure compositions, many of his works this year are in portraiture. Reference will probably have to be made to his contributions later, but in the meantime the *Countess of X.* (this page) may be discussed. It can hardly be said that the mannered arrangement of the well-favoured sitter gets away from convention. The soft treatment of the general scheme of blacks and greys is commendable enough, but there is an accentuation of the lines of the features (which the high-light on the nose and cheek further heightens) that destroys the feeling for quality shown in the treatment of the hand and corsage. This forced prettiness is allowable, or at any rate expected, in professional photography, but it should be foreign to work that has the claims which Mr. Blount should prefer.

9¼×7⅞. *Gum-bich.* THE COUNTESS OF X. *Salon, 279.*
*By David Blount.*

Percy Lewis, whose work for the past two years has been amongst the most noteworthy of the season's production, is again an emphatic exponent of power and subtlety. One of the secrets of his success with his Venetian work lies, doubtless, in the fact that he, like Dr. E. G. Boon, has strayed from the beaten track, to find the life of those Venetians, and the portions of Venice which are not usually "on show." The advantage of this is well stated in Miss Dorothy

Menpes' comments on her father's Venetian studies, where she says: — "It is difficult for anyone to see the often represented Venice with a wholly fresh eye, and to give a flavor of freshness to familiar topics. It is, therefore, wisdom to avoid those important monuments which belong to history and are part of everyone's experience, and rather to seek out Venice in her humbler and more homely aspects, in out-of-the-way nooks where no one has painted her before, to go down side canals where old houses and rickety archways harbor the true Venetian, and fascinate the observer who is not keen of smell.

"Here are capital opportunities for varied combinations of rich coloring; houses built of weather-worn brick and stone rise steeply from out canals of green water; there are grated windows and red shutters; doorways, picturesque and shabby, colored by the lapse of time, half lost in gloom, but still conveying a sense of beauty, through which the eye catches glimpses of a long-buried past." (From *World Pictures*; A. & C. Black.)

5⅞×4⅞. CHILD WITH TOY. *Silver.*
*By Miss Christian H. Curle.*

In its direct capture of the archness of a child, Miss Christian H. Curle's *Child with Toy* is quite meritorious. There is no attempt to exaggerate the opportunity offered by the capital model. A clever suggestion of movement is imparted by the raised foot of the chubby youngster, although we know that the wooden pig in front cannot move. The portrait shows more the ordinary powers of observation and resource, and future essays will be looked forward to with interest.

Framed in a setting that partially recalls the baleful constituents of the bubbling cauldron of the secret, black, and midnight hags in "Macbeth" comes J. C. Warburg's ambitious *The Incantation* (p. 97). This invoking figure is yet no Hecate nor any one of the three horrid Shaksperian witches. She is some studio Salambo in a photographic darkroom with a Holland Day "vas lachrymarum" at her feet. With these means he has contrived to bring about a telling result. The effectively draped figure, in a well contrasted scheme of black and white, stands well in the forbidding spaciousness. The fore-shortened arms are not overdone, and the head thrown back is well poised. Altogether an interesting ex-

periment has been performed, and, although it has been obviously inspired by the examples of some of the American workers, its success is not thereby diminished. As usual, Mr. Warburg's photographic output has been prolific this year. If he can be induced to specialise his efforts in the direction of this particular class of subject he will doubtless advance his reputation.

Miss Agnes Warburg is apparently and justifiably content to portray simple expanses of watery woodlands, the treatment of which shall display improved knowledge of gradation and composition. In both respects, *Willows* (p. 85) shows an advance on last year's work. The danger of making two pictures has

17×12½. LITTER CUTTING.

*By T. Percivale Padwick.*

been cleverly avoided, and there is much evidence of correct atmospheric realisation. "Only trees and water," as the Philistines might say, but that is what the ignorant used to grunt over a masterpiece of Corot.

Charles Job, doubtless incited by the success of last year's *Dusty Road*, has again trodden a sheep-path—the *via dolorosa* of ambitious photographers. If the extraordinary standard of achievement reached in the 1901 Salon example has not been attained on the present occasion, the reason must be ascribed to less effective opportunities. Last year the flock of sheep was packed into a confining avenue of full light which gave the picture magnificent aërial perspective. That "end-on" view has given place to a scattered outlook, and

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20½×15¾. *Carbon.* THE INCANTATION. *Salon, 113.*

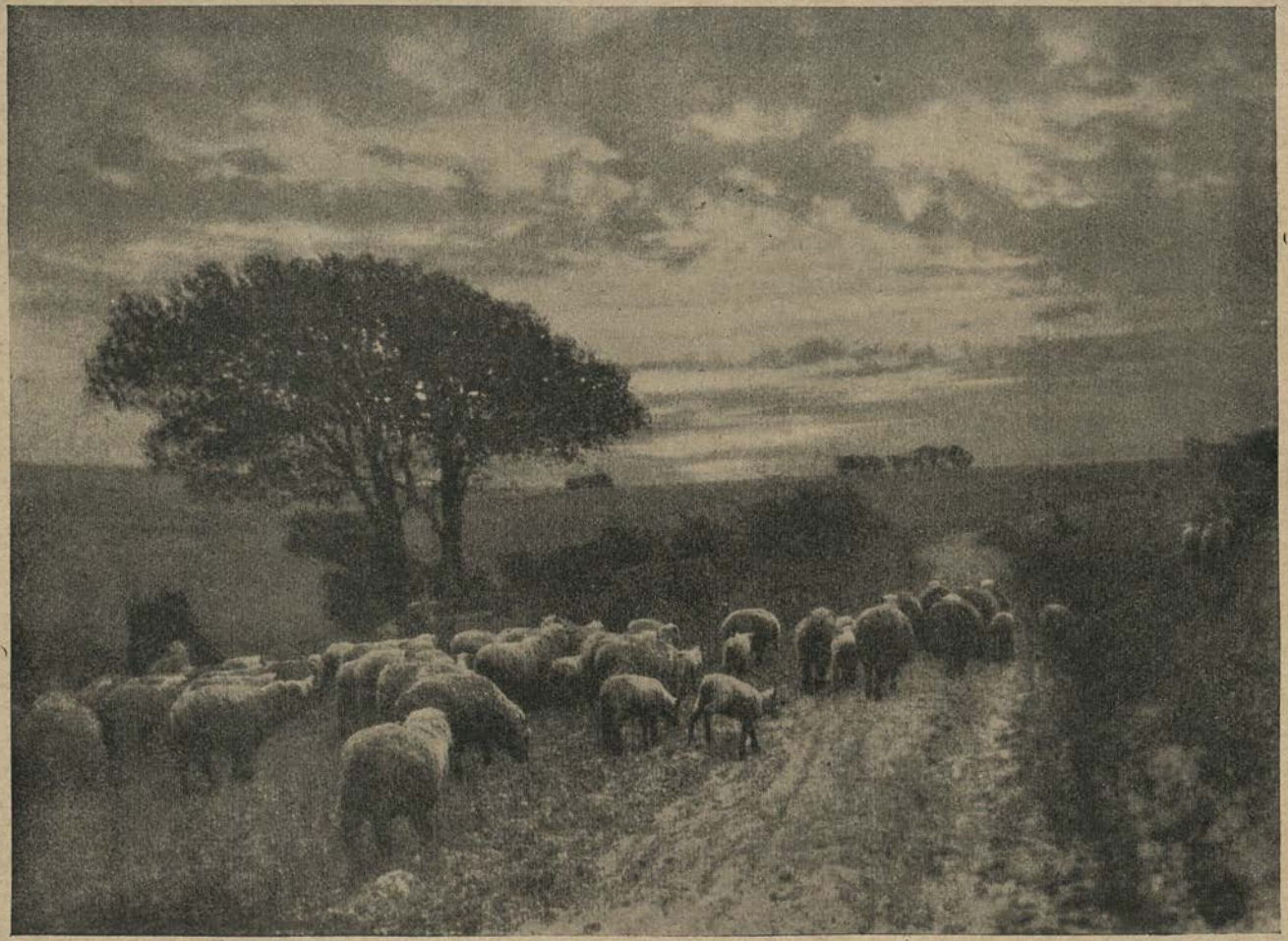
*By J. C. Warburg.*

again the sunlight is that of the latter part of the day associated with Mr. Job's earlier manner. Dealing with the picture as it stands, without regard to previous exercises, one must accord great praise to its pictorial feeling. It is a pity that the road winding to the horizon does not have its goal at the setting sun, but here Mr. Job has been unavoidably at the mercy of his facts. The retreating sheep have been caught at a well-chosen moment—note the one just jumping into the road; there is a fine sense of movement, and one cannot help feeling that the absence of the shepherd and his dog from the picture is a wise rejection. The past issues of *Photograms of the Year* teem with so many anathemas against boggling sheep subjects, that it is with sincere pleasure that an occasion now and again arises when an artist's efforts in this direction can be warmly commended. At the same time it is devoutly to be hoped that incompetent imitators will "keep off the grass."

In treating of another choice of subject much in favor with workers—ploughing—reference has frequently been made in the past to the signal success of W. T. Greatbatch's *The Day's Work nearly Done*, reproduced on p. 42 of the 1899 volume. Fired with emulation, and undeterred by failure, many workers have endeavoured to approach Mr. Greatbatch's triumph. So far nothing has arisen to challenge its pride of place. The 1899 example was something more than a pair of horses and a man on a machine, and yet most photographers fail to render these accessories correctly and without disproportion. Judged from this primal standpoint, T. Percivale Padwick's *Litter Cutting* (p. 96) is quite satisfactory. The figures in his picture are capitally arranged. His horses are not Houyhnhnms and his men are not Lilliputians. We have not the impressive setting of Mr. Greatbatch's solemn upland. Here is an everyday field in a straightforward light. But these simple difficulties have often been too much for others, and therefore Mr. Padwick must be allowed credit for his accomplishment.

After an interval of a year A. H. Robinson has sent a subtle study, *Sun and Snow* (p. 57), which betokens a great improvement. The simplicity of the composition—a line of lonely trees above a gently undulating surface covered with snow—is decidedly effective. A less darkened circle of the big tree in the foreground might be insisted upon, but the treatment of the tender shadows on the pale surfaces is justly carried out. A winter scene on a more ambitious scale is found in Tulloch Cheyne's *In the Engadine* (p. 25). The smooth lake and snowy bank are well conceived, conveying a suggestion of color which such a pastellist as Fritz Thaulow often brings out to the full extent. Everything in the picture seems right save the dominant note. The eye is ruthlessly arrested by the huge shapeless cloud in the sky that seems entirely foreign to the suave reflections on the lake.

*On Strike* (p. 100), by the Rev. F. C. Lambert, reveals a strenuous face which, if we mistake not, is that of a well known man. Be this as it may, a piece of forceful portraiture is the result. So much care has been taken in the modelling of the side of the face in shadow that Mr. Lambert need not deliberately have avoided differentiating the lowering hat from the background. The strong visage is not in any need of a theatrical effect.



*14½×10½. Carbon.*

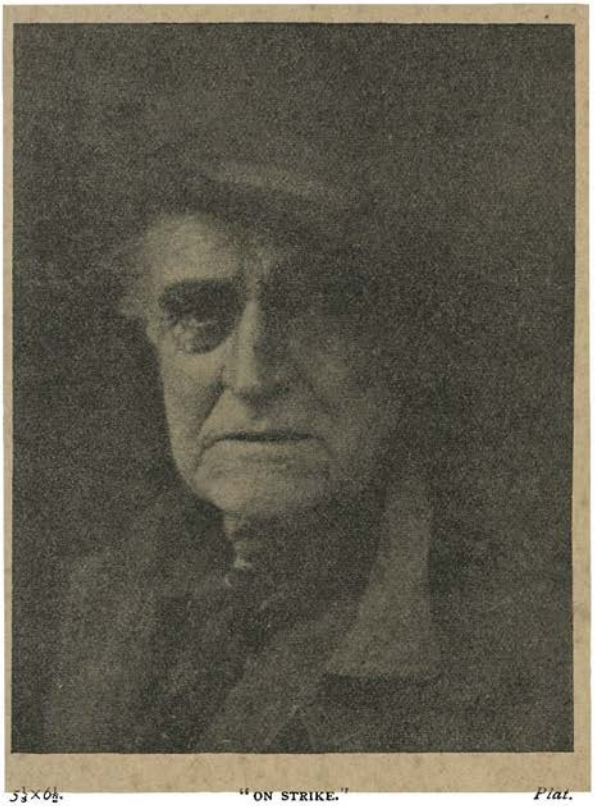
RETURN OF THE FLOCK.

*Salon, 123.*

*By Chas. Job.*

Another telling portrait is that of *John M'Whirter, R.A.* (p. 102), by John Moffat. The head is beautifully modelled and the lights have been so cleverly managed as to mass the details and conceal the care taken in their presentment. It would be difficult for anyone in examining this portrait not to guess accurately the nationality of the sitter.

A fair profile effect by Walter Scott, *A Brown Study* (p 52), is spoiled by the awkward arrangement of the fingers against the face. The pose may be characteristic, but it detracts from an æsthetic result. If the eye rests on the portrait for a length of time (as one looks at a puzzle picture) the hand seems to change into something uncommonly like a beard.



5½×6½. "ON STRIKE." *Plat.*

*By Rev. F. C. Lambert.*

A promising landscape that acts up to its title, *March Winds* (p. 92), stands in the name of F. W. Smith, who is another worker to whom a year's rest has been beneficial. The wild transcript of wind-swept woodland has been excellently chosen; the trees bending to the breeze are set well against a morose sky, and detail and breadth are truly combined.

W. A. I. Hensler's *Springtime* (p. 26) has been less happily found as regards picturesqueness. The merit of the work lies in its fine lighting, and in this respect bears out the promise of last year.

The work of W. R. Bland, like that of W. T. Greatbatch, is always interesting to the student. Both men disdain any settled recipe of style or fixed groove that may have brought a big success. Since Mr. Bland executed the famous *In Wirksworth Church* three years ago, he has eschewed the attempt to find a similar successor, preferring to tackle a quite different field. A rugged bit of Haworth scenery and a panorama of Derbyshire followed, each in its way individual, but still unsatisfying. Now comes *A Moorland Cottage* (p. 101), which,

*11×8.* A MOORLAND COTTAGE. *Plat.*

*By W. R. Bland.*



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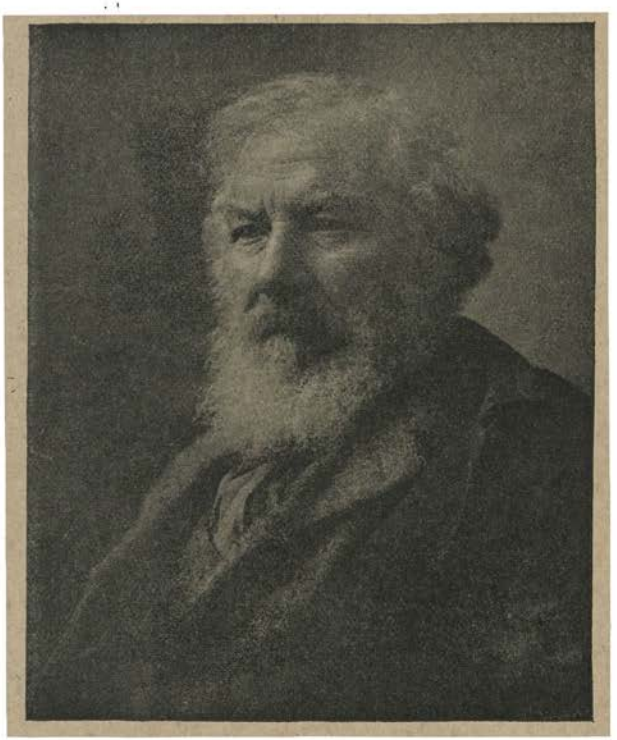
it is safe to say, will not be everybody's picture. From the heathered foreground a lonely pile is set against the evening sky just above the darkened horizon. That is all—if the work is to be described without arousing any sympathy. But is it possible for a man with eyes for seeing not to perceive and feel the spirit of quietude and peace pervading the simple theme? Reproduction has failed to do full justice to Mr. Bland's delicate tones, especially in the subtly differentiated foreground of the original, but enough has been caught to give a fair idea of this unforced and poetic outlook. To our way of thinking it requires no courage to proclaim an exercise like this as a work of art. It is wholly unnecessary to compare the result with that obtained by any other medium. The intention in view has been achieved, and one might as well bicker about an air sung perfectly and the same air as perfectly rendered upon the violin.



$9\frac{3}{8}\times7\frac{5}{8}$. JOHN M'WHIRTER, ESQ., R.A. *Carbon.*
*By John Moffat.*

In *The Year lies Fallen and Faded* (p. 59), the Rev. T. Perkins has succeeded in preserving a harmonious key throughout. There are no smudgy blacks common to this class of subject. The lights in the background are effectively treated, and the passage from detail to mass is made with some subtlety. The result is akin to one of Mrs. Alice Dumas' carefully gradated exercises.

Not quite such unstinted commendation can be awarded to Godfrey Bingley's *Near Hemingford Grey* (p. 27), which is somewhat disturbed by unnecessary black patches. The little scene evinces care in selection, and shows how eternally fresh Nature is in providing new glimpses of herself.

The much-travelled photographer, of course, finds variations easy of command, so easy, sometimes, that any dumping ground suffices him, provided the place be little known. *Mirjayima* (p. 34) obviously relies on its bizarre effect, although T. B. Blow has apparently been at some pains to choose his point of view. The quaint landscape recalls the decorations of some Eastern

8½×6½. PORTRAIT STUDY. *Silver.*

*By Count W. von Gloeden, Sicily.*

porcelain. The strong contrasts in black and white are evidently deliberate, and, in fact, are necessary to the decorative intention of the scheme.

Motive of another kind underlies the treatment of *Horse Chestnut Blossom*, by H. Jacob (p. 30). It is akin to that of the flower student who insists primarily on detail. The blossom has been focussed at short range as it hangs on the tree, and a curious effect is produced which cannot be designated pictorial. We know that the trunk of the tree would look as Mr. Jacob has rendered it, if the eye were placed close to the leaves, but no artistic purpose is served thereby.

8¾×15½. CHILD STUDY. *Carbon.*
*By Chas. Sweet.*

We have made it evident in the past that our taste does not lie in the direction of flower and fruit studies, which are the amiable triflings of many branches of art. Albeit justice has often been done to the work of John M. Whitehead, who certainly contrives to give some very realistic representations of fruit, as witness his juicy composition on p. 21 of last year's volume. Judging him by his own standard, the *Fruit Study* of this year is not so successful, although admirers of this "shading from the round" class of subject will note a fair measure of careful registration. Similarly, Miss Mary C. Eames' *Blackberry Blossom* (p. 78), is in quite just relief, and should be serviceable to the botanical student.

A number of painstaking portraits by T. C. Turner show much regard for pretty postures of attractive sitters without any ambitious intention of conveying suggestion of character. Studio attitudes are usually so amusingly conventional that Mr. Turner deserves credit for the easy milkmaid pose of the figure in his *Portrait Study* (p. 105). Outdoor lighting and a less imposing furniture accessory would have improved the exercise.

The fussy little child's portrait by Charles Sweet (this page) is true enough to life, and is not exacting to the critical faculty. She is apparently wearing her

mother's hat, is perfectly happy, and has no desire to be called Joan of Arc. Nor is it incumbent to say much about Ernest Gall's *Lady with Violin* (p. 24), which is fairly well posed and is in good tone.

The monumental beauties of Ely Cathedral still absorb the interest of the Rev. H. R. Campion. His *Redman of Ely* (p. 31) makes a very decorative picture. The point of view has been effectively chosen, and the varying interior lights have been rendered with subtlety. This is the kind of work that shows how necessary it was for the amateur to enter the architectural field, for so long left to the souvenir salesman.

A PORTRAIT.
*By T. C. Turner.*

Dr. A. E. Bodington's *Cloisters, Monreale, Palermo* (p. 72), has not quite overcome the difficult problem of lights, but it is a decidedly promising venture, and far above the ordinary holiday exercise.

The graceful ease of Miss Bessie Stanford's *Daydreams* in the Royal last year, to which due acknowledgment was freely given, fixed a high standard for her future achievements. The *Portrait* of a young girl (p. 28) must be adjudged as falling below this. Not that there is any lack of delicate treatment of textures, but the fine flowing lines of last year's example have given way to an arbitrary device of framing that chops off parts of the figure. It is quite evident that Miss Stanford can command the assistance of very helpful sitters, and, as she has proved that she knows how to pose them to advantage, there is no necessity to fall a victim to the tricks of amputation and bisection affected by the class of face and figure cutters.

Another worker, Count von Gloeden, has been well served by excellent models. His Sicilian examples have been most inspiring, and it will readily be

seen that a fine opportunity was to hand with the sitter before him portrayed in the *Portrait Study* (p. 103). The lighting of this is somewhat forced, if ingenious, the effect being to enhance the beauty of the tresses which are flecked in white light, whilst the face remains in the shade. The series submitted by Count von Gloeden is unusually interesting, and many artists will, doubtless, envy him his resources.

C. F. Inston has this year avoided land and seascapes, and has occupied himself mainly in portraiture, with a comely Italian model as his chief study. The results are, generally, of much distinction. *A Portrait Study* (p. 35) represents well the adaptability of his model and his restrained treatment of textures. The soft play of light on these is unusually well rendered, modelling the figure with rare certitude. The right arm in shadow of the example chosen is perhaps defectively treated by comparison, but the studies are, on the whole, very promising.

Ernest Marriage sends a decidedly good tonal study, *Bargemen* (p. 39), which, it is high praise to say, suggests many of the characteristics of Percy Lewis' work. The gradations are correctly adjusted, and there is no discordant note in the suggestion of the varying distances. This easy staging from one plane to another until the background is reached, provides a true atmospheric realisation. The alert figures of the bargemen are well done, and, although there is abundance of detail in the foreground, the eye is not held by any obtruding part. Altogether, the work is worthy of the high technical promise given in the problem study *Morning* last year.

Of strictly professional work we have not chosen many examples this year, though there can be no doubt the year has been one of progress with the profession. The strong work exemplified by specimens from W. Crooke, Louis Langfier, and Furley Lewis is growing in general appreciation. Other professional essays will be found in some of the Colonial pictures, and in those of Frederick Hollyer, H. Walter Barnett, Harold Baker, T. C. Turner, Madame Lallie Charles, and others already referred to. One particularly successful series of professional works of the year was produced by R. Speaight in connection with the great bazaar for the Children's Hospital, and, published in the form of a sumptuous photogravure souvenir, realised a very handsome sum for the charity. An example from this series will be found opposite.

The American professionals, largely through the influence of their national and state conventions, are making an intelligent united progress which finds no parallel in Britain. While we still hold that the foremost four or half a dozen British workers lead the world as exponents of really artistic portraiture, the rank and file of the Americans have, without any doubt, passed far ahead of the British rank and file. A number of specimens, from ordinary middle-class work of the United States, will be found, with some notes on their producers' methods, in *The Photogram* during the present winter (October, November, and December).

It is to be hoped that the Professional Photographers' Association, which has shown itself a capable fighting body, will take up with equal success an educational crusade, to educate the sitter as well as the photographer.

6×4. STUDY OF A CHILD. *Plat.*

*By Richard N. Speaight.*



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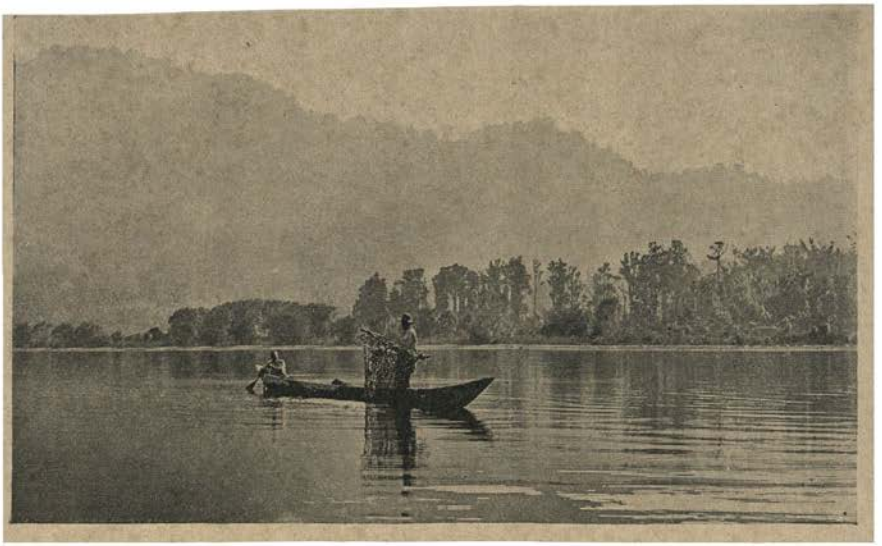
$14\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$. TRANQUILLITY. *Sepia Plat.*

*By Osborne I. Vellott, Towson, Md.*



*Silver.* KOURA (PRAWN) FISHING, LAKE ROTOITI, NEW ZEALAND. *R.P.S., 60.*

*By Robt. B. Walrond, New Zealand.*

## Notes from New Zealand.

By JOSIAH MARTIN,

Editor of *The New Zealand Photographer.*

HERE in New Zealand the interest in photography is widening and deepening through all classes of the community. Our young people are taking to the camera as a matter of course. Some are satisfied to use it as a toy of which they soon tire, others find great delight in snapping at their friends; but through the higher mysteries of developing and printing only an elect few pass with satisfaction to themselves or their models.

Some of our collegiate schools have formed photographic clubs from the ranks of the senior scholars, and their competitions have produced some very creditable work.

In the appreciation of photography the critical faculty of the public has been greatly developed and educated during the last few years, and portraits or prints must show some real excellence in order to pass the ordeal of popular judgment.

Our local societies have been working well, stimulating and encouraging the more serious study of photography as an art.

The craze for the indefinite in photography has not yet become localised in the Colony, the average photographer being a great believer in technical

$8\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$. A STUDY. *Silver.*

*By Guglielmo Pluschow, Roma.*

perfection; and a perfectly sharp picture is, with many judges, still their criterion of excellence.

We have many earnest and indefatigable workers who are not content with the painful monotony of "the usual thing," but have been earnestly striving to express some sentiment in their photography; and the result has been very encouraging, and they have produced some very good pictures which may be fairly entitled to rank as works of art. Of these I forward one or two specimens.

11×8½. PORTRAIT OF A LADY. *Sepia Plat.*
*By George Austin Brewster, Melbourne.*

Mr Leedham's picture is a genuine bit of Colonial life (p. 134). With us the stockman always rounds up and drives home his cattle on horseback, and not on foot, like the herdman of the old country. The dust of the road and the mist of evening combine to give a pleasing atmospheric effect to the composition, which is heightened by the beautiful cloudscape above.

Mr Walrond's is a bit of Maori life—*Fishing for Koura* (a kind of prawn) in the fresh-water-lake. The light effect is good and the scenery typical.

The Colony of New Zealand has such a wealth of natural beauty in its varied scenery and its charming atmospheric effect, and such attractive subjects in its mountains and villages and its woodlands wild and cultivated—the people of the past and of the present—the wonderland of steam and hot water, and its glorious coast and harbor scenery, that it is sure to attract an ever increasing number of visiting photographers. All who have toured the islands express both surprise and pleasure at the wonderful and varied scenes which furnish them with such delightful and interesting subjects.

The Wellington Club has been strenuously striving to keep up the enthusiasm of its members to fever heat, and their exhibitions have been very successful in bringing together works from various parts of New Zealand, and also a good exhibit from Australia.

Dunedin and Nelson have been quietly and steadily progressing ; and Christchurch recently revived and re-formed the Christchurch Photographic Society.

Auckland has a good working club and its meetings are well attended. The numbers have been recently strengthened, and the efficiency of the members has been strongly enforced through the enlistment of Mr Harrison, late of the Autotype Company, London. This gentleman is a great acquisition; for besides being a man of large experience, he has proved his readiness and ability by giving some practical and helpful lessons in carbon printing.

MINUIT. *Salon, 17.*

*By N. Fischer, Copenhagen.*

14¼ × 10½.

H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA.

*By H. Walter Barnett.*

*Carbon.* PORTRAIT OF M. A. BARTHOLOMÈ, SCULPTOR. *Salon, 176.*

*By Eduard J. Steichen, New York.*

PLACQUE PRESENTED TO ALL SALON EXHIBITORS.

*Designed by C. H. L. Emanuel.*

# The Two Great Exhibitions.

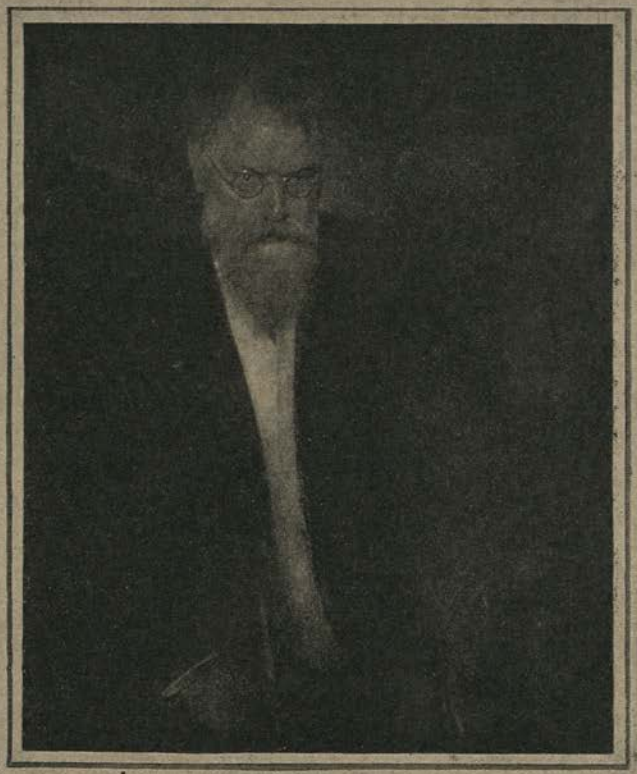
## THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON.

By A. C. R. Carter.

TASTE and selection have now been so long the much vaunted and admitted attributes of the workers comprising the Linked Ring that it is somewhat chilling to a protagonist of photography and an admirer of Mr. W. E. Henley to find that the resuscitation of the famous "Forewords" to the Salon catalogue has been made the occasion for some temerarious lifting from the great essayist's writings. The whole thing has been done in the most open manner. The words are quoted, an interpolation is made, and the result is labelled "adapted from W. E. Henley," with the jocose flaunt, "without permission," added. The "Forewords" run:—"Facts are not necessarily the end with them—they are only the means. They (these photographers) refrain from the vulgarity of full realisation, and essay no more than the pictorial expression of certain balanced and choice suggestions." Now, this interpolation is very humorous and ingenious, but surely the aims of the serious photographer do not require such word-juggling. The Linked Ring contains intellect enough to formulate a winged pronunciamento of its own, or to make an apt quotation from the numerous genuine opinions stated in sympathy with its aspirations, without pirating encomiums applied in particular to the painter Cecil Lawson. And looking round this tenth annual gathering there is enough to inspire the promoters to issue a challenge of their own. Over and over again a tasteful and a poetic outlook on the world has been evinced; a harmonious and unified result

*Carbon.* LANGUID REPOSE. *Salon, 147.*

*By Eduard J. Steichen, New York.*



*Carbon.* DR. FRANZ RITTER VON LENBACH. *Salon, 162.*

*By Eduard J. Steichen, New York.*

WESTMINSTER.
*By Arthur S. Hollyer.*

*Gum-bich.*

has been achieved; selection and restraint have been abundantly manifested. The Salon, too, has always been noteworthy on account of its seemly settings, whether as regards the framing of the exhibited examples or the draping and hanging of the walls. A cool awning that makes the light opaque gives the visitor a sudden impression of entering a booth at an agricultural show in which the champion eggs and stalwart rhubarb daze the rustic eye; and the clean tent-like effect is carried throughout by the canvas backgrounds. The deviser of this neat arrangement, Mr. F. H. Evans, is to be complimented, even if the skied examples suffer. His original plan—that of a flat roof—might, if it had been possible to adopt it, have prevented the awkward reflections of the topmost glazed frames. With reference to the hanging, it is at once apparent that the frames have been cleverly and symmetrically juxtaposed, and, although a series of one-man shows is still deemed impracticable, the disposition of the pictures has been so well balanced that the *local* of the various exhibitors' works seems much more easily remembered than in previous displays.

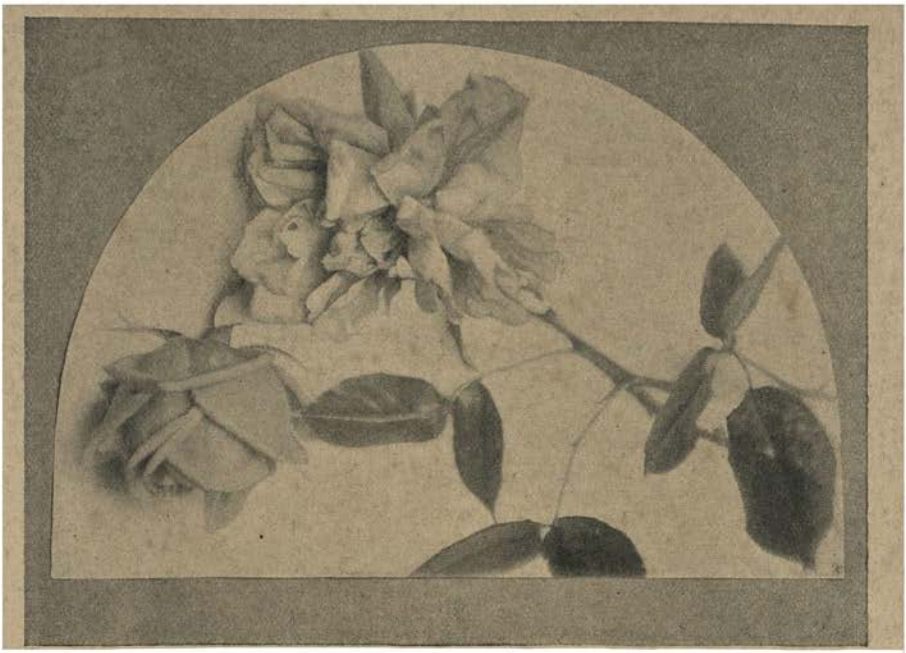
The initial stalk round

*17×11. Plat.* A CATHEDRAL GROTESQUE. *Salon, 15.*

*By Fredk. H. Evans.*

*14×10. Plat.* YORK MINSTER—FROM NAVE TO TRANSEPT. *Salon, 30.*

*By Fredk. H. Evans.*



6½×4⅝. *Silver.* ROSES. *Salon, 199.*
*By Carine Cadby.*

the room in which the visitor indulges in order to arrive at a first general impression, is somewhat disconcerting. Such a high general standard seems to have been reached—those units of comparison (bad examples) are quite absent—that at the end of the survey the pictures of the year do not stand out in the mind's eye. While some of the first rank of workers seem to have been marking time, others of the second have come on and are close at their heels. There is less eccentricity, less self-conscious experimenting, and there are far fewer appeals to the gallery, which in photography is invariably ribald. The foreign gum-bichromates send forth a healthier challenge this year, Professor Watsek's work being notably sound. The Americans are again something more even than masters of craft; and the home leaders, reinforced by much improved cadets, have at least maintained the high standard set by themselves. With these introductory generalisations it will be well to take the catalogue seriatim, treating the pictures as in previous years according to the alphabetical order of the exhibitors; this arrangement being found useful both for present and future reference.

First to be dealt with is Yarnall Abbott, one of the Americans who are always so hospitably and loyally welcomed at the Salon. His quartet contains no successor to the 1900 *Shadows*, but the set is better than last year's. *The Brook —Winter* (42) gives us a deep view of a solemn woodland stream—somewhat of an echo of an earlier Steichen; and *The Darker Drink* (43), a mysterious poisoning enigma, might be a Holland Day allegory. He has made a clever

$12\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$. *Carbon.* MELUSINÉ. *Salon, 248.*

*By Paul Bergon.*

AT THE HOUR OF REST. *Salon, 10.*

*By E. G. Boon.*

*Plat* MRS. JOPLING. *Salon, 274.*

*By Fredk. Hollyer.*

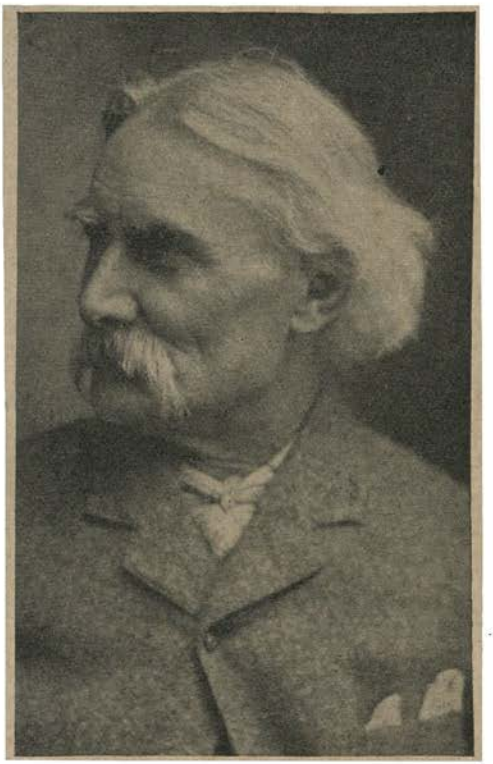
study against the light in *The Window Seat* (62), but his best is *Traumerei* (77), a subtle exercise in half-light of a sitter at a piano with her back to the spectator. All the accessories here are well arranged and carefully studied, as is the mark of the earnest section of Americans. The advance made last year by John H. Anderson has been repeated, and he is one who is leaving the second rank behind him. With increased and more certain knowledge of tones he is beginning to realise his powers. His exhibits might have been without the flat outline of *A Windmill* (23), and the best of three waterway studies in tone, *A Harbour—Morning* (12), need only have been chosen if a companion was thought necessary to the superb *Landscape* (75), a rich transcript in a descending scale of velvety blacks, with tall dignified trees, shimmering silver pool in contrast, and

THE SALON, 1902, ARRANGED BY FREDK. H. EVANS.

simple spaciousness. This is the kind of composition that Hobbema loved to choose.

Craig Annan's name arouses hopes that are doomed to disappointment. Neither in the *William Smart, LL.D.* (194), alert though be the capture of the man, nor in the carefully modelled *Harry Alfred Long* (201), do we have quite the equal of last year's *Professor Young*. The two studies of the famous etcher William Strang (106 and 191) (p. 127), wearing much the appearance of etchings, by the way, are daring experiments, and if by anybody else would be remarkable; but, as Mr. Annan's work, leave the observer unsatisfied. Portraiture, indeed, is scanty this time. Whether the Hanging Committee has raised its standard or whether the members of the Linked Ring, in invading fresh fields, are growing unmindful of a métier which first brought photography into repute, it is not

possible to say, but it is to be hoped that excursions from the haunts of men will not make workers forget that men exist. E. R. Ashton still adheres to Oriental scenes in full light, of which he has now become a special student. *A Play of Sunlight, Lucknow* (249), has the advantage of appearing to be the real thing, to attain which result must have called for the exercise of much technical patience and skill. A dainty miniature (146) and huge landscape, *The Valley Farm* (5), have occupied W. Smedley Aston. The term "huge" is applied advisedly to a small frame because it contains at least three pictures. The homestead in the distance and the hedged-in croft occupying the centre of the foreground form one, and in our opinion, the only one necessary. But the eye is invited now to the left, now to the right, to journey over two meadow uplands, and this is an importunate demand. Harold Baker's single exhibit is a capital piece of portraiture, *C. Napier Hemy* (20) (p. 126), the well known marine painter being presented characteristically and in a light that rounds and models the head and bust. In an exhibition devoid of many portrait studies, this work earns an added distinction.



C. NAPIER HEMY, ESQ. *Salon, 20.*
*By Harold Baker.*

A quaint profile effect, *A Sea Nymph* (164), and an ambitious composition, *Alma Mater* (195), come from Mrs. G. A. Barton—a decidedly daring experiment this from a newcomer. The haloed mother and child make a photographic parallel to the pictures painted by the old masters. Mrs. Barton's effort is fairly justified by the result, and on that account some conventional objections are silenced.

Each of the three examples by Walter Benington sounds an advance; the small subject, *Water Babies* (102), being a clear atmospheric study in which the figures are cleverly set. Neither of Mrs. Jeanne E. Bennett's pair calls for especial comment. Prodigal of ivory surfaces, Miss Zaida Ben Yusuf is again represented at the Salon after the absence of a year. *Une Femme Moderne* (16) discloses a fair sitter on a soft white divan, and might be a silver-point. The study of a *Captive*, too late to be catalogued, shows similar delicacy, and is unusually well posed. Of the four small portrait studies by G. C. Beresford, those of *Alphonse*

ASIATIC SOC

$14\frac{1}{4} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$. *Carbon*

THE ETCHING PRINTER.

*By J. Craig Annan.*

*Salon, 191.*

THE SCULPTOR. *Salon, 150.*

*By Archibald Cochrane.*

*Legros* (118) and *Auguste Rodin* (241) are every-day renderings of famous sitters without any attempt at introspectiveness. Paul Bergon's examples are romantic fancies, much less tainted than usual, to English eyes, with the coquettish airs of the Parisian model. *The Melusiné* (248) (p. 122), and *Contre-Jour* (254) seem artificially lighted when compared with the well managed woodland scene *Fleur de Rêve* (143), in which the Amazonian figure is placed with some regard to natural instead of decorative illumination.

In another place reference has been made to the quick success of David Blount, and six spaces have been allotted to him this year. Two of these are filled by a finely massed view, *The City of Durham* (70), and a good atmospheric study, *Lingering Autumn* (255), which vindicate his promise. The portrait of the *Countess of X.* (279) has already been discussed (see p. 94). As regards *The Lady of Shalott* (6), this is a pictorial attempt, of excellent intentions not wholly fulfilled. The figure is uncommonly composed, but it is impossible to be convinced that she stands in space: that is, that she is in the proper relative plane to the surrounding landscape. Examining the work at some distance the figure starts to the eye as if it stood away from the picture instead of being in it. Mr. Blount has so soon proved his merit, and is apparently animated with so much zeal, that impartial criticism will doubtless not be lost on him. Miss Evelyn Boden sends a single piece of uncompromising portraiture, *Nurse Ingram* (94), and Francis A. Bolton's *The Meadow in June* (253), maintaining his improvement in gradation, is a very different conception from the *In June* of 1899.

It is with welcome relief that Ernest G. Boon shows a return to grace. Eschewing pastoral studies, of which he once had the secret, he has gone again to the lagoons, and *At the Hour of Rest* (10) (p. 123) comes as a pleasing result. This quite beautiful scene of rare atmospheric suggestion would earn a place in any exhibition. *Effet du Soir à Inverness* (197), by Paul Bourgeois, is another study true to light, and renews the good effect produced last year by his work. Improvement in tone is shown in T. F. Brogden's *Staithes' Women entering a House* (184), and a good studio interior by Maurice Bucquet, *Portrait de M. P. Blanchard* (269); the fair tonal studies by J. G. Bullock, a jumbled composition, *Springtime in the Orchard* (250), by E. W. Burch, and Harold Burkinshaw's decorative scene of a rising road in winter, *A Silenced Highway* (21), are next to be briefly noted, along with Mrs. Cabot's arch *Study of a Child* (29) of unmistakable American nationality. Interspersed among more ambitious works Miss Carine Cadby's delicate flower studies again lend decorative relief; and of Will Cadby's five examples, by far the best is the tender and silvery *April* (84), the panel in which this is hung especially showing the care Mr. Evans has taken to prevent strident contrasts and discordant clashings. A. L. Coburn's *The Rivulet* (280) is one of the modest contributions to the collection.

A worker who has had much attention paid to his work in *Photograms of the Year*, Archibald Cochrane, is one of those who have decidedly bettered their status this year. The élan of *The Night Summons* (112)—horse-artillery at a gallop—makes the picture one of the things to be remembered. There is nothing inchoate, and it yet has just the air of mystery which the incident and time demand. The perspective is true and unforced, and the heads of the

6¼×5. THE IMAGE. *Plat.*

*By Mary R. Stanbery, Zanesville, Ohio*

20¼×15. *Carbon.*

BRUGES.

*By Geo. Davison.*

*Salon, 73.*

riders and drivers against the sky-line produce a telling effect. In another line altogether he achieves success in the portrait of *The Sculptor* (150) (p. 128), but the certitude displayed in *The Night Summons* is not evident in the enigmatic *The Sorcerer* (175), which, without a title, would be a puzzle picture, as the central figure seems quite incoherent.

Unstinted praise must next be accorded to the picturesqueness of *The River Aire at Leeds* (79) (p. 145), by J. Croisdale Coultas, a triumph of observation and selection. It is safe to say that few artists could have chosen a better opportunity—with the murky means—and those who know the Yorkshire river will be surprised to find what Mr. Coultas has done with it. Smoke, light and barges

THE DUET.

*By J. P. Hodgins, Toronto.*

are the theme, caught at a moment when the commonplace and ugly are transcended. "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder" receives an apt illustration here.

Reginald Craigie in two of his examples again indulges in the conquest of the subtle niceties of planes. *The Mirror* (35) is a worthy successor to last year's frontispiece, and shows similar discrimination of tonal values. He has more depth, and the scope is wider in *A White Silk Dress* (36) (p. 179), a portrait of a girl sitting in a room and not outside the frame. Mr. Evans has nearly succeeded in making a one-man exhibition in Mr. Craigie's case, as there are three of his examples hung together. *Lowestoft Harbour—a Rainy Day in Winter* (37) has a quite realisable atmosphere. A portrait, *M. Camper Wright* (264), comes at the end of the room and completes a set of meritorious contributions. Four

10×6½. *Brom.*

PORTRAIT OF A PAINTER.

*By Pierre Dubreuil, Paris*

*Salon, 39.*

16½×12½. A CROWDED HARBOR. *Carbon.*

*By Horace G. Sutcliffe*
(Son of Frank M. Sutcliffe).

lines of poetry are added in the catalogue to help out the meaning of the title, *The Secret* (122), given to J. Page Croft's contribution. The cleverness of this is purely technical, and the result is very similar to a rapid sketch in coloured chalk. Working photographers are doubtless ready to concede to such *tours de force* a considerable measure of skill, and are sometimes tempted to dub them individual; but a method which has for its object the suggesting by photography of the result attained by another art, however earnestly pursued, will be held by many fair-minded people to be bordering on affectation.

The pinafored portrait of *Grace Guinness* (174), by W. Crooke, fails to impress the eye with any sense of correct values. A few yards away the observer is puzzled by this lack of differentiation. Below the white line of the pinafore there is so much blackness that a three-quarter length results. A closer examination reveals the fact that the figure has been dexterously arranged. Of J. Cruwys

*Carbon.* ON LAKE MAGGIORE. *Salon, 96.*
*By George Davison.*

Richards' pair, the 'l'homme qui rit' effect, *Anticipation* (71), is one of the amusing curios of the exhibition.

A display without some product of George Davison's craft would be a keen disappointment. His reduced number of examples is evidence of the increasing demands made upon his leisure, nor does the set contain any striking venture into new paths as formerly. The *Bruges* (73) (p. 131) subject has a cunning and elusive opaque lighting that does not allow the eye to rest on any detail, but invites only a swift impressionist glimpse so that the scene can be realised in the whole. The man in the boat seems to be moving and the picture to breathe atmosphere. *On Lake Maggiore* (96) (above) gives a single pair of eyes too much to see, but compensation is found in the beautifully composed transcript *The Thames at Hampton* (256). R. C. Davison's pair reveal hereditary gifts. *Reflections* (92) is none the worse for betraying a worship of the elder Davison's earlier subjects, and it will be interesting to watch for future exercises. F. Holland Day is neither imaginative, mysterious, nor emotional this year. For him he is merely mundane, and in none of his three portrait studies does he strive to

$12\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{1}{4}$. GLOOMY WINTER. *Carbon.*

*By James Patrick.*

First prize Class C. in Thos. Illingworth & Co.'s recent competition.

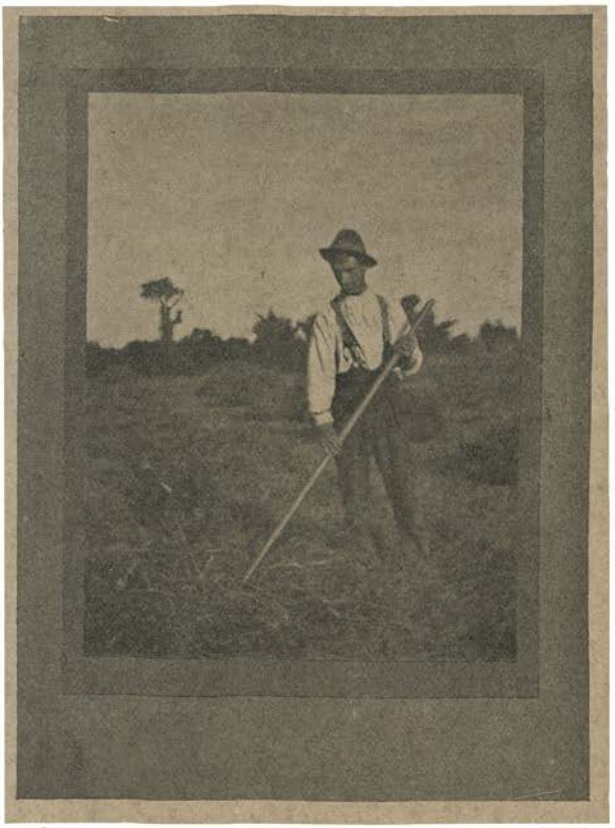
force attention to himself. *Edward Carpenter* (31) is a careful exercise in a somewhat morose key of light, but *Antonio, Study of a Head* (213) is surprisingly joyous and rich, and the *Portrait of Madame Georget le Blanc* (245) is a sparkling study against the light.

Robert Demachy still continues to be one of the busiest workers in the photographic world, and the merits which have brought him recognition in the past are even more exemplified on the present occasion. As usual, his series contains a number of decorative trifles which serve the purpose of sending into relief his more serious work. Admirers of *Behind the Scenes*, shown two years ago, will note with pleasure *The Shoe String* (115), which, if it does not repeat the success, suggests a measure of it. Perhaps he is at his best in the *Portrait of my Wife* (134) and *Portrait of my Wife—profile* (190) (p. 9), both of considerable refinement and of great regard for varying planes. Of the two portraits of *M. Faure in his Studio* (116 and 135), preference must be expressed for the latter, which shows the nicest discrimination of values in proportion to the distance of the various parts of the figure from the spectator.

12×10. THE SCREEN, SOUTHWELL MINSTER. *Carbon.*
*By J. Longton.*
Second prize in Thos. Illingworth & Co.'s recent competition.

Miss Mary Devens, after a year's absence, has been allotted six spaces for her Italian and French landscapes, which are of signal merit. The soft richness of the darker tones in these is especially commendable, and the set, which includes the capital study *La Grandmère* (257), is certainly among the best individual contributions to the gathering in its uniform quality. Pierre Dubreuil does not seem so eccentric as heretofore, albeit his pair are deliberately mannered and calculated to arrest the eye by their bold disregard of convention. The *Portrait of a Painter* (39) (p. 133) is simply a head and hand with scarcely anything but white paper intervening, and *Portrait d'un Mâitre de Chappelle* (220) reveals an affectation of irresponsible chalky smudges by way of sending the head into relief. Mrs. Alice Dumas has not lost her ability to treat a woodland glade in

light, as can be seen from *Spring Sunshine* (85). Although somewhat unfortunately skied, the little picture's charm is easily visible. W. B. Dyer of Chicago has been *persona grata* to the Hanging Committee, although a less favoring selection could have been made and his reputation thereby increased. His six works are curiously uneven, and range from a spirited and clever study, *An American Lad* (74), alive with actuality, to an exercise in make-believe of the unconvincing sort entitled *Ill Will* (129). Last year he sent an excellent study of the nude, but this year's *The Model* (145) is awkwardly arranged. *Chrysanthemums* (275), by Miss Mary C. Eames, is unusually realistic even for a flower study; and the first of Miss Catherine Edmonds' quartet *The Black Tulip* (89) shares a similar quality. Of the rest, *The Musical Box* (159) has a curious effect of disproportion, due to the small wondering child seated on the floor at the feet of the standing woman. Otherwise this is in good tone and preferable to *Das Haus-Mutterchen* (236). The pair by R. Eickemeyer, jun., are noticeable for their exquisite delicacy of tone. *A Japanese Landscape* (14) is possibly a humorous title to a snow drift and straggling trees that might be anywhere. *A Summer Sea* (7) (p. 21) is a glorious stretch of glittering beach culminating in the silver sea that seems miles away. J. M. Elliot's *The Spirit of the Flowers* (206) is a pleasing little fancy; and room has been found for the *Portrait of a Baby* (148) by Miss Constance Ellis, probably because it is only a little one. Tiny and true is C. L. Emanuel's *Grey Weather* (228), and his *A Waterway, Ghent* (283), also betokens improvement.



14½×11. A HAYMAKER. *By Chas. W. Pearson.* *Brom.*

The tasteful arrangement of the room and the skilful hanging of the works, as has already been mentioned, are due to Frederick H. Evans, and it would

therefore not have been surprising to find fewer works by him this year. But he has been indefatigable as usual, and in architecture, landscape, and portraiture is represented by work of a high order. It is difficult to invent new forms of eulogy for his wonderful cathedral studies, which transport the spectator to the cool and solemn fanes he loves to reproduce. The four interiors of York Minster, especially *From Nave to Transept* (30) (p. 120), with its certain rendering of the altering lights, and the sure suggestion of depth in shadow conveyed by *In sure and certain hope* (27), are more than ordinarily convincing. Of his landscapes *The noiseless music of the night* (2) overcomes the problem set with fair success; and a totally different experiment in *Clear shining after rain* (22), despite an accentuation of definition of the flower bush in the foreground, wins a small triumph. The gargoyle study, *A Cathedral Grotesque* (15) (p. 119) has technical merits of the most refined accomplishment, and he has posed his sitter, *The Very Rev. the Dean of Ely* (180), in a light from which many a worker would flinch.

A remarkable midnight effect of a street in artificial light, *Minuit* (17) (p. 112) has been sent by a Dane, N. Fischer, and another clever study by him, also in artificial light, but this time an interior, is his *Portrait of my Father* (231). Another Danish worker, Carl Frederiksen, is represented by an interesting piece of observation entitled *A Passing Cloud* (196). The *Study in Composition* (61) by Herbert G. French of a Japanese subject should not include the pink and green circlets of the border, and his *Mistress Darthea Adams* (117) is made the vehicle for representing a gown that is not mystic but certainly wonderful, probably emanating from some modiste of pronounced Puritanical proclivities. Lt.-Col. J. Gale's bit of humorous genre *Chairs to Mend! Umbrellas to Mend!* (276) carries us back to the days of the late H. P. Robinson; but *Malines—a Wet Day* (208), by James Gale, scarcely acts up to the title, and is not so successful as his improved work last year. The solitary example by Karl Greger, *Spring Afternoon* (251), clear of definition, strikes a somewhat foreign note and is useful as showing that detail may be massed into a convincing unity. Of G. Grimprel's three the two portrait studies are only ordinary, but the rich strength of the harbor scene *Le Hâvre* more than compensates for these. *Boys Bathing* (120), by Dr. Charles Grindrod, is a striking composition in which the flesh tones are the least satisfactory. The foreground of *Woodcutters* (121) is unnecessarily black. The tiger study *A Royal Pair* (173) is telling enough in its way, and certainly lends variety. The night scenes by J. M. C. Grove are much too inarticulate, and he would doubtless elect to be represented by the fair study *Snowstorm on the Mountain* (247).

Dr. Henneberg's much debated methods find fruition in three works which betray much self-conscious attempt at picture-making. The avenue of trees which bank up the sky in *Villa Adriana* (13) in order to throw into relief the sunlit villa must be considered altogether too arbitrary, and similarly the massed shadows on the left and right of the water in *Villa Torlonia* (149) are unduly deliberate. *Castel Gandolfo* (113), although too wide a transcript, seems less artificial. Altogether the gum honors rest this year with Prof. Watsek, whose work will be treated in due course.

A. Horsley Hinton sends a quartet that will clinch his hold on public attention. Two examples show him at the top of his bent as a selector of expanses of meads in a fine flush of light through which pale sedge-grown streams meander, and on which tall shapely trees rear themselves to the sky. *Weeds and Rushes* (223) (p. 141) and *Abeles* (252) prove him eye to eye with B. W. Leader in his choice of subjects. *Adel Moor* (242) seems a new departure, and is remarkable for its wondrous cloud study; and lastly, *Bantry Bay* (261), with its rain-laden atmosphere, presents a fine capture of mountain and seascape.

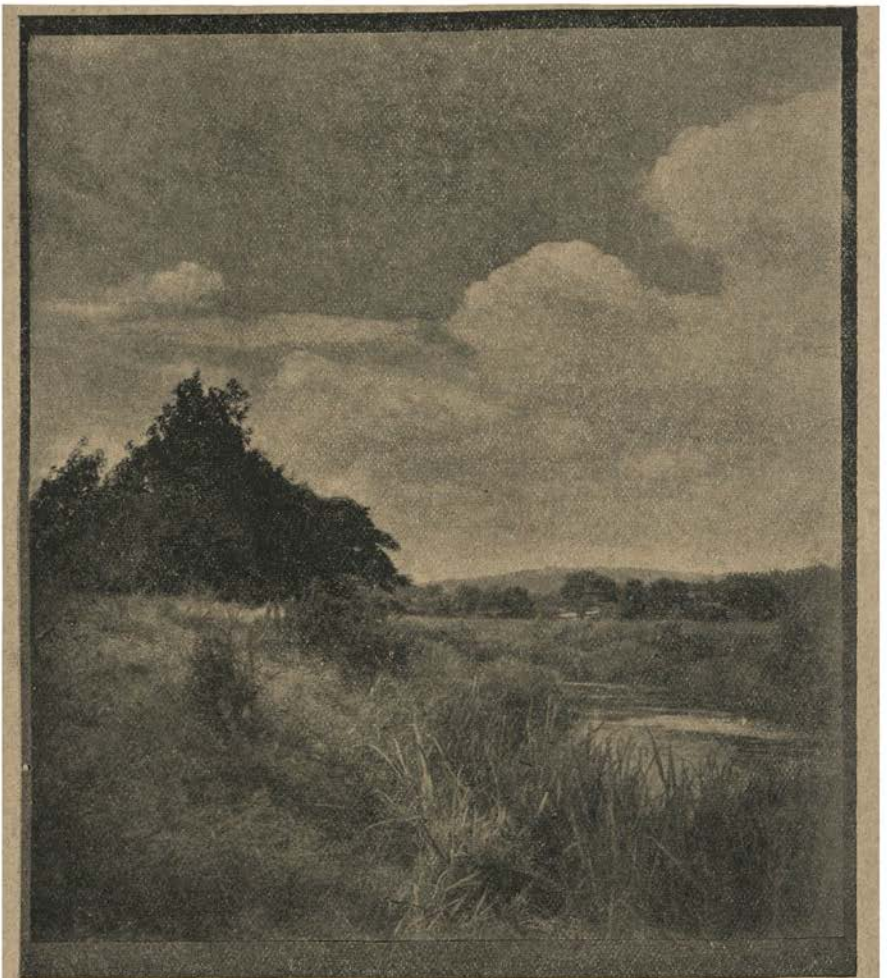
Fairly well posed and modelled is E. T. Holding's *An Early Victorian Girl* (222). As regards A. S. Hollyer's *Westminster* (210) (p. 118) the effect seems spoiled by a width of almost panoramic suggestiveness. Two totally different portraits

14×9½. A GROUND SEA. *Carbon.*

*By F. J. Mortimer.*

stand in the name of Frederick Hollyer. The *Harold Bauer* (130), a presentment of sallow flesh and coal-black hair which merges into the background, does not make the impression created by the cleverly lit and carefully managed portrait of *Mrs. Jopling* (274) (p. 124), which restores Mr. Hollyer again to his own as one of the reformers of photographic portraiture. None of Stockton Hornor's three calls for remark, and C. F. Inston's *Mam'selle* (72) gives us a rendering of the model—to whom allusion has been made in another place—in her Sunday clothes. Of the examples submitted by F. W. Jackson, Meredith Janvier, Miss Agnes Jennings, and Mrs. A. V. Jennings, *Moonlight* (246), by the second-named, is a décolletée lady in a silvery light quite sparkling and tender, and not losing by comparison with Holland Day's *Madame le Blanc* hanging below it.

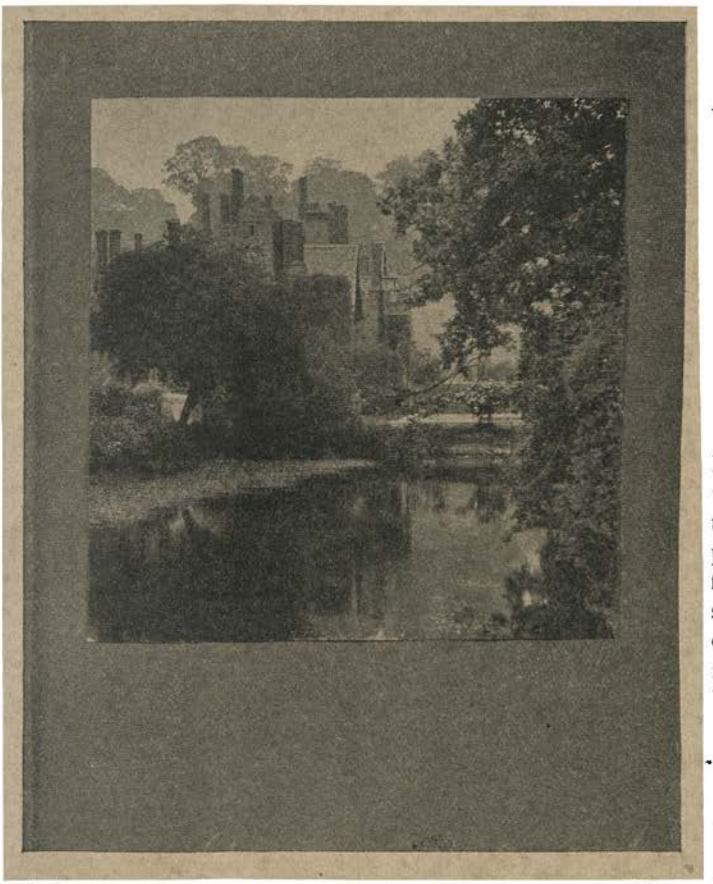
Charles Job's principal work has already been treated, but his two other examples complete a trio of much merit. *Shipping* (19) is among the best sunset effects in the gathering. One might have preferred that the boats did not block up the avenue of light, and that a composition was not chosen akin to that made glorious by Turner's "Fighting Téméraire." *Strand on the Green* (268)



*Carbon.* WEEDS AND RUSHES. *Salon, 223.*
*By A. Horsley Hinton.*

is none the worse for recalling one of George Davison's earlier selections. Mr. Job is to be congratulated on maintaining his great reputation. Mrs. Käsebier has also renewed her claims to be considered as the most advanced artist of her sex. The picnic scene *Serbonne* (81) is ultra-photographic as regards the methods employed to suggest impressionism by the camera. The result is

interesting, as is the remarkable portrait of the baby in *Mrs. W. and Infant* (87). A Heller etching has been suggested by *The Black Hat* (188), and the portraits of *Kubelik* (144) and *Dorothy* (179)—the latter like an old Dutch study—display a mastery of craft. The most ambitious and least successful is a grouping entitled *Labor* (270). The values here are uncertain, and the end achieved in the *Serbonne* has not been reached. Fair improvement on last year's work has been made by J. Kearney, jun.



6×4¾. COMPTON WYNYATES. *Silver.*

*By Mrs. Catharine Weed Barnes Ward.*

Full recognition of Alexander Keighley's advance in his art was made in these pages last year. Another similar leap forward would have been too much to expect, and it is found that in some respects, comparisons being inevitable, he is a little behind the standard of 1901. In one work only, *Ironing Day* (169) (p. 143), does he arrive at the standard of *The White Sail*, and on the principle of seeing a man only by his best work we could have done without some of the others this time. For example, the well-composed lunette, *Evening* (151), is uncommonly like a morning effect in Mr. Keighley's 1900 manner, and the two sheep studies betray uncertainty in the management of the lights. *Ironing Day* is, however, magnificent. Spaciousness, light, and distance, are all deftly suggested, and the registration is a memorable piece of work.

J. T. Keiley wins much distinction by the perfectly attuned *The Last Hour* (18), when light and darkness are beginning to commingle. This, with the clever

*Carbon.* IRONING DAY. *Salon, 169.*

*By Alex. Keighley.*

study *Driving Dust* (82), makes up for some previous disappointments. Of H. Kühn's three preference must be expressed for the airy expanse *Campagna di Roma* (181). A good street scene by night, *Evening Glow* (218), comes from J. S. Lamb, and space has been found again, after a year's absence, for one of A. B. Langfield's studies in the draped figure *Evening Primrose* (260). We prefer the frank grace of the nude study by R. le Bègue *Etude pour une Enseigne* (186) and F. K. Lawrence's *The Fairies' Wood* (55). Of fine spaciousness, J. S. Lee's *Mr. Mitchell* (56), and Prof. Lenhard's *Portrait* earn their places. Francis Watts Lee,

IN GLEN NEVIS. *Salon, 3.*

*Carbon.* *By Colonel W. L. Noverre.*

in choosing the title *Anacreon: Ode XL.* (28), has made a very decorative study of a love-lorn figure, recalling Moore's translation—

> "But in the Lover's glowing eyes
> The inlet to his bosom lies;
> Thro' them we see the small faint mark
> Where Love has dropt his burning spark."

Having committed the offence ourselves, we hope that lady artists will not burden future catalogues with these lines. "My Missis," or rather *Beata mea Domina* (153), according to Mr. Lee's resonant title, is a somewhat tame view of a head and neck.

Viscount Maitland's four include two exceptionally good examples. *The*

*Incoming Tide* (198) discloses a surfy sea, and a hulk-like rock of much picturesque intent; and if *Sand Dunes at Camber* (267) is reminiscent of a favorite subject now fallen into desuetude, the effect has been well conceived. Ernest Marriage's *The Parasol* (4) is a little problem study in *plein air* quite satisfactorily worked out.

Charles Moss has not made as big a jump from darkness to light as did

*Plat.* THE RIVER AIRE AT LEEDS. *Salon, 79.*
*By J. Croisdale Coultas.*

Alexander Keighley last year, but he is certainly upsides with the latter on the present occasion, as witness *A Forest Road* (225), judiciously hung by Mr. Evans as a pendant to Mr. Keighley's *The Sheepfold.* The late evening effect *Now nearly fled was Sunset's light* (104) represents him in his most improved manner.

*12¾×6. Plat.* SPRING TIME. *Salon, 137.*

*By Miss Mathilde Weil.*

8½×5¾. PORTRAIT. *Carbon.*

*By Dudley Hoyt, Rochester, N.Y.*

The landscape—of excellent composition—is never inchoate, and passes well through the ordeal of a close or a distant examination. Again Ward Muir and J. C S. Mummery send sound work, and Hector Murchison and David Murray exhibit instances of the care of the Hanging Committee in choosing the best submissions from outsiders. Colonel Noverre's Highland scene, *In Glen Nevis* (3) (p. 144), partially repeats his last year's success; T. P. Padwick's *A Corner of the Orchard* (221) fills a small space well, and a fair study in character, *The Plotter* (224), by Andrew Paterson, loses none of its menace from being skied. Again Miss Anne Pilsbury evinces her capacity for portraying children by her *Portrait of a Boy* (158), and Miss Olive Potts' pair show similar gifts.

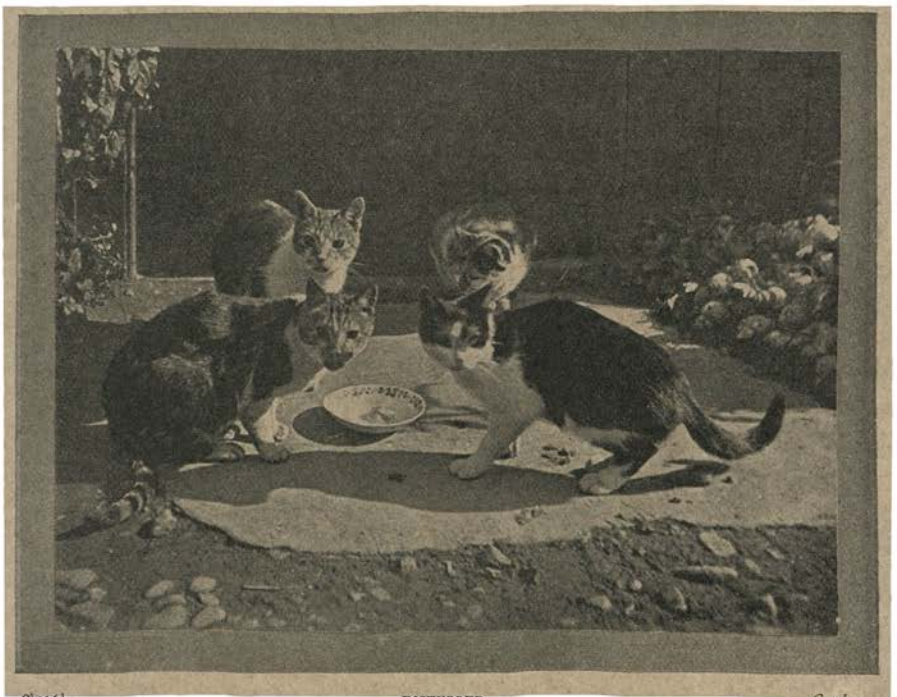
$9\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. "A HUGE BLACK HULK, THAT WAS MAGNIFIED BY ITS OWN REFLECTION IN THE TIDE."—*Longfellow.* *By James E. Masters.* *Plat.*

Two of C. Puyo's works force attention to them on account of the strained attitudes of his models. *Etude pour un Geste* (157) discloses a nude figure that might originally have been inspired by Leighton's "Greek Girls playing at Ball," but the outstretched arms and bending torso do not make a graceful pose. Nor can the curious contortion of the figure—draped this time—in *A Portrait* (165) be commended. M. Puyo is much more himself in the well-arranged *Fantaisie, 1830* (202), and

again *Une Nuque* (156) forms a dainty shoulder study. We like, too, the fine quality of the landscape *Coin de Marché à Rome* (152). Messrs. A. & F. Read's pair are promising, and Mrs. W. G. Russell's portraits of children are carefully toned exercises. The beautiful idea has no relation to price, and one is tempted to know the reasons which have made Mrs. Eva Schütze appraise *A Morning Picture* (178) at the catalogue's maximum figures. This mother and child theme is a moderate performance, and *The Luck of Eden Hall* (177) (p. 62) shows a girlish form rendered too black against the light. The works by Walter Scutt and Mrs. Sarah Sears may be passed, and C. Sollet's *L'homme à la Pipe* (185), an alert portrait of a smoker, is hardly a worthy successor to his *Médaillon* of last year. Dr. Spitzer is content with two strong realisations of Dutch housewives, and does not show a continuation of the interesting nude studies which roused much attention in 1901. Mrs. Stanbery's charcoal-gum print (189) is decidedly disappointing. The experimental portrait cannot be considered a thing of beauty in any sense.

9¼×4¼. JESSIE.
*By Mrs. Gertrude Wallis.*

Eduard J. Steichen perhaps contributes the best individual series of the year. He has taken his courage in both hands and has resolutely grappled with the most difficult of all problems, the realisation of flesh tones by photography. To some eyes his studies of the nude may suggest the rendering of sculptures in bronze, but they will generally be accepted as quite the best experiments made for a long time. *Languid Repose* (147) (p. 116), heroically composed, produces that effect of living flesh—that morbidezza—which is the test of all such exercises. The play of light on the nude surfaces has been wonderfully managed, although it might be argued that the ankle of the recumbent figure is lit in too high a key. Of the remaining nude examples *Reflections* (212) seems the next successful. His



8½×6½. DISTURBED. *Carbon.*

*By Geo. Cleland.*

two portraits, *Dr. Franz Ritter von Lenbach* (162) (p. 117), and *M. A. Bartholomé, Sculptor* (176) (p. 114), reveal more direct, but still cunning, powers of treating glistening flesh. The draped figure, *Beata Beatrix* (46), is unfortunate in the angular effect caused by the ill-arranged folds about the left shoulder. Lastly, we have *His Flock* (243A) which, however subtle in its extraordinary gradations in a low key, over-reaches its aim. As a technical study of minute shades of darkness the little frame holds much to wonder at, but the æsthetic sense is not moved by it.

A word of praise is due to William A. Stewart's clever arrangement *Melancholy* (140), and next the set by Alfred Stieglitz is reached. His examples are on a more important scale this year, and cover a wide range. *The Hand of Man* (50) (p. 19),

for instance—a piece of vigorous realism of the class of Mr. Coultas' *Aire* scene—is diametrically opposite to the tender, yet massed, detail of *The Ferry Boat* (76). The vignettish *Gossip—Venice* (67) is surely a very early work and of a quite different standard of accomplishment to the fine capture *Spring* (66) hanging above it, full of light and air. As in Mr. Steichen's case Edmund Stirling sends a much improved array of examples. In every one he evinces gifts of graceful posing that, without a catalogue, one might attribute some of the pictures to Clarence White. Both *Bad News* (69) and *The Stained Gown* (78) are worthy of the latter. Altogether in tonality and composition Mr. Stirling has made great strides. A. H. Stoiber's arrangement in blue, *A Quiet Port* (60), shows another advance, and *A Fish Wife* (97), by W. Thomas, is also commendable. W. G. Walker's *The Last Rays* (200) seems much too dark, but Miss Agnes Warburg's *The Noah's Ark* (271) is noteworthy, and comes as a pleasant relaxation from her landscape studies. John C. Warburg's principal work, *The Incantation* (111) (p. 97), has been favorably noticed on an earlier page, and another word of praise may be freely given to his well-toned *On the West Sand* (281). An excellent capture of movement has been made by Dr. Fisher Ward in the *Figure Study* (139).

A SINGING IN THE BRANCHES.
*By Walter Selfe.*
Hackney P.S. at Golden Green.

As before stated, Prof. Watsek easily secures the gum-honors of the year. *Donauauen* (161) worthily occupies the central position at the end of the room, and gives us a fine glimpse of river, land, and sky. There is no violent dumping down of black inchoate masses, although a part of the bank in the foreground seems arbitrarily darkened as a contrast to the silvery stream. Unreserved praise

must be bestowed, however, on the *Hafen* (239), also equally well placed by Mr. Evans on the long wall. The scene, alive with craft, is lighted with a glorious burst of illumination. The water ripples in light, and the sky is beautifully rendered. Neither need our commendation of Miss Mathilde Weil's work be stinted on the present occasion. *Soap Bubbles* (34) presents a floor view of a children's room bathed in light. The picture is kept low by the device of lowering the frame so that the eye does not get above the children's heads, and a similarly effective plan is adopted in the capital scene *Off the Track* (54). Of the two outdoor studies, *Dandelion Chains* (80) again exhibits much atmospheric charm and grace of arrangement. A rather clever portrait of a girl with a temperament, *Laverne* (119) has been done by Miss Myra Wiggins; and G. W. Wood's *John o' Gaunt's Embattled Pile* (234), a sparkling registration; a curious nude study in red gum (159) by H. V. Yeo, and Mrs. G. R. Young's tiny view of *Lake Maggiore* (282), need only be briefly mentioned before discussing, by way of conclusion, the contributions of Clarence H. White.

At the outset of this article the opinion was expressed that some of the leaders of photography were apparently marking time. This is the feeling we have with regard to Mr. White this year. Our attention was never riveted this year as on previous occasions. Yet it cannot be suggested that his powers have lessened—the first illustration to the "Eben Holden" would disprove any such argument—it is rather that he has been content to sound a halt. This work maintains his own high standard, but we have no sudden hit at our appreciation such as that made by *Good Morning* last year, or by *The Boy with a Waggon* in 1900. Nothing could be truer than the deep interior of the Eben Holden, with the figure of the old woman marvellously set in its proper plane, and yet inconspicuous; still this triumph by comparison is indecisive. His wan model, sitting aghast at the heroic proportions of the Venus of Milo, reappears in the *Lady with a Statuette* (9), again in the somewhat puzzling triptych *The Spider Web* (109), and yet again, in company, in *The Sisters* (108). We should have preferred her again to three uncertain alien portraits, or if that was not possible, to have had three more subtly elusive notes such as the tenderly shimmering *Spring Landscape* (285).

STARTLED DOES. *By A. G. Wallihan, Lay, Colorado.*
("Camera Shots at Big Game." Doubleday, Page & Co.)

15½×12

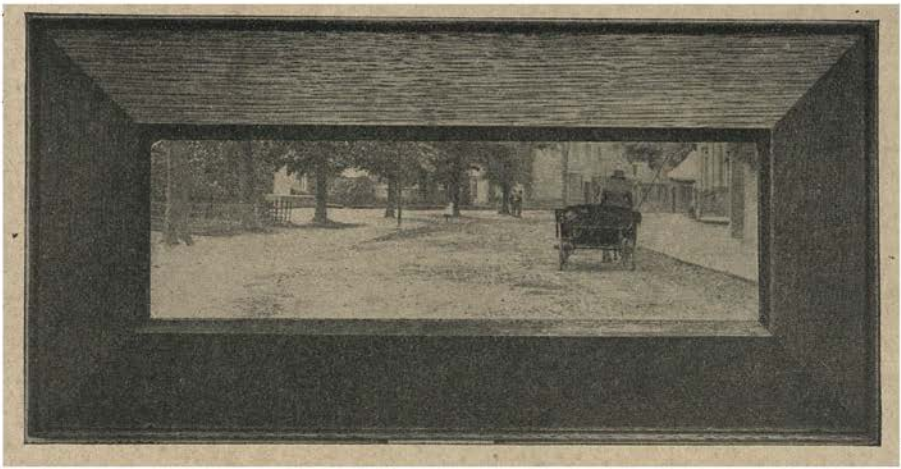
ON THE CANAL, BURANO.

*By Percy Lewis.*

*Carbon.*

15½×11. *Carbon.* A STREET SCENE IN BURANO. *R.P.S., 159.*

*By Percy Lewis.*



20½×10. THE DOCTOR'S MAN. *By Basil Lefarge.* *Brom.*

## The Two Great Exhibitions.

### THE ROYAL.

By A. C. R. CARTER.

DUE probably to a stern and rigorous selecting committee, the Royal Exhibition this year wears an orderly and chastened appearance. The sensational element is almost wholly absent. The American school of workers has either been banned or has banned itself. Certain defections from the little ring of earnest workers are noticeable. More so even than last year it seems evident that a general improvement is the impression desired and aimed at; and the good men have been content just to maintain their standard, while the second rank have clearly made a big effort to get alongside. In this respect the two exhibitions of the year are akin, although of course it must be admitted that the standard of one is higher than that of the other. Past medallists, Percy Lewis, John H. Gash, and W. T. Greatbatch, without advancing their reputation, have been again honored by the committee. William Stewart, a newcomer from Bradford, has won a medal deservedly at the first time of asking. Works that might worthily have been decorated have been sent by John C. Warburg—who from his official position this year was necessarily outside competition—Thomas Wright, whose snow study completely overwhelms the medalled work hanging near it, and Dr. Graves. Other good works will be duly mentioned and brief notes will now be made, the method adopted being, as in previous years, to treat the examples of exhibitors in their entirety as the first of their work is encountered in going round the gallery.

*18½×13.* AUTUMN HAZE. *Carbon*

*By John H. Gash.*

*A Field of Thistles* (1), by W. Rawlings, and the well composed *A Sea-weed Cart* (259) sustain the improvement in regard to the observance of good tone commented on last year. Two Venetian studies by Francis Phillips are promising. The water in Bertram Wickison's *Elstead Bridge* (3) might be anything else, and there is uncertain lighting in his second picture; but *A Hampshire Farm* (144) makes up for these defects, and is a decidedly well chosen and well rendered composition. *The Witches' Tree* of 1901 sent by John M. Whitehead was so good that it is noticed with pleasure that *Where Stormy Winds do Blow* (4) carries on the advance then begun. Passing to *In Time of Harvest* (68), it is seen that the feeling for correct gradation is still evinced, to be fully consummated in *Where once the Garden smiled* (69), to which a medal has been properly awarded. The wild lonely copse in pale light makes a poetic and charming study, and we could have done without Mr. Whitehead's pet exercise, *Fruit* (169). C. F. Emeny makes a fair début, but the first red gum study in obscurity by Rudolf Eickemeyer is a poor preparation for the graceful Japanese figure arrangement *In my Studio* (31), or the sweet grace of the bust *Portrait* (157), with its subtle flesh tones, a fitting successor to last year's beautiful capture, *The Rose*. Of the remaining three the Salon example is repeated, and only one of the two gum studies is at all successful. *Over the hills to the Poorhouse* (262) is quite ineffective, and the values are all confused. Mr. Eickemeyer shows such a sense of true beauty that experimental deviations from

17½×9¾ *Carbon.* APRIL. *R.P.S., 02.*
*By H. H. Luther.*

his fully recognised *métier* are disturbing. This year he is one of the few Americans allowed at the Royal. Two small portrait studies by Alexander Allan show that he has been on the look out for interesting local types. The five gum exercises by Pierre Dubreuil are concessions to a little favored section. He would doubtless prefer to be represented by *The Two Mills* (174), a well contrasted scheme of some artificiality of composition. The *Portrait of Mr. D.* (254) is much less deliberately eccentric than the Salon portraits. Although opposite in treatment, the single exhibits by W. Phillips and H. Smith show good atmospheric feeling.

10½×8¾. PORTRAIT OF A LADY. *Silver.*

*By R. R. Sallows, Goderich, Ont.*

Dr. Charles F. Grindrod makes an ambitious bid for notice, although he cannot be regarded yet as mastering the problems which he continues to set himself. An exaggeration of perspective in horse and cart subjects, and a love for stray and irresponsible patches of white (note the figure in the boat study, *The Wye*, 94), are present difficulties. Only once does he achieve a genuine success. *Cutting Oats* (215) exhibited alone would convey an excellent impression of Dr. Grindrod's capacity. A carefully selected and effectively detailed transcript, *The Bounds of a Farmer's Life* (12), by G. E. Tingley, next merits notice, and an interior in the manner of Harold Baker by John Schofield, *An Ancient Chamber* (13), might be tried again with a fuller view of the panelled long wall. Of M. K. Commeline's

*Carbon* FEBRUARY. *R.P.S., 138.*

*By Dr. Frederick Graves.*

pair, *Critics* (14), an amusing doll-jury study, shows some hesitancy in the lighting; an improvement being made in *The Camp Fire* (170). The figure in G. Park's *Marguerites* (15) (p. 82) is too white.

Three commendable works come from Oscar Mauser. The *French Peasant* (16), a retreating figure against a curving wall, is of true tone; and *On the Delft Canal* (289), is also effective, with its curious suggestiveness of a mixture of Percy Lewis and Dr. E. G. Boon. T. P. Padwicke's two landscapes are not so satisfactory as the good character study *The Smith* (37). The confused light in J. M. Elliot's *Hollyhocks* (19) is followed by a much better effect, *Winter Twilight* (87), and his *Portrait* (182) is also satisfactory, the girl in an easy chair being well set in space.

$7\frac{5}{8}\times4\frac{7}{8}$ FRUIT STUDY. *Plat.*
*By John M. Whitehead.*

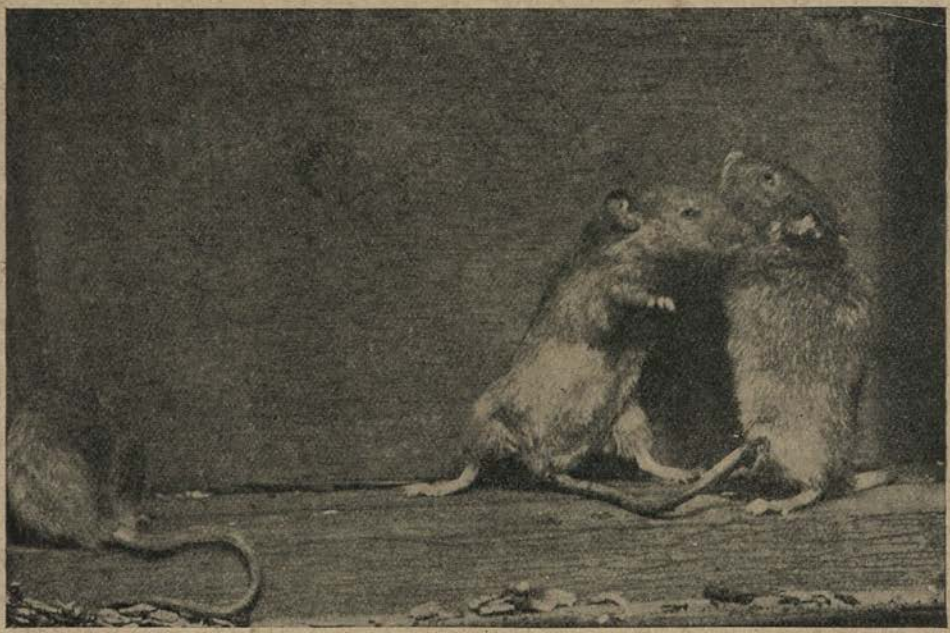
Dr. T. G. Crump's *On the Moss* (20) comes disappointingly after last year's example. It seems airless. *Afterglow* (199) is correspondingly better in this respect, despite the suggestion of adventitious colour in the sky. Both of Lambert Williams' studies are only ordinary, and Augustus Fenn's *Sunshine* (23) is one of the eternal tree trunk exercises, without, however, the old menace of blackness.

Dr. Graves' seven contributions are sufficiently varied to make one lose the grasp of his individuality. Such melodramatic experiments as *The Reaper* (127) and *The Old Witch* (168) are much less successful than the certain atmospheric woodland pool scene *February* (138) (p. 159), which is one of the best things in the gathering. *Sunshine* (217) repeats this excellence, and *The Lake* (230), shorn of any literary reference, is much preferable to the settings for his imaginative subjects. A. L. Spiller's pair of French street scenes are well lighted, but W.

IN ARCADIA.

*By Herbert Arthur Hesse, Jack onville, U.S.A.*

From "La Photographie du Nu."



*Plat.* "THE BEST LAID SCHEMES OF MICE AND MEN GANG AFT A-GLEY." *R.P.S. 142.*

*By Douglas English.*

AU BORD DE L'EAU.

*By R. le Bégue, Paris.*

From "La Photographie du Nu."

*Gum-bich.* LOW EBB. *R.P.S., 67.*

*By J. C. S. Mummery.*

unforced in key, has had conspicuous merits enough to make the judges pause. Mr. Stewart's work is some compensation for the absence of David Blount from the Royal this year. The best of the latter's Salon studies would probably have won a decoration if exhibited at the New Gallery. Promising are the single exercises of G. B. Clifton and E. M. Treble, but G. Whitehouse's landscape flower example is much too elaborated in detail. Percy S. Lankester has been content to register four interesting variations of expression in the face of a child; and F. Hollyer's portrait of *Prof. Unwin* (40) is quite sufficient to represent him at his best in the denotation of character. The head-dress study by Miss May Donaldson, and Lewis Longfield's fair composition of shipping against the quay buildings, deserve their places.

Percy Lewis, for the third year in succession, has earned the medal. It is somewhat difficult to say anything new about his work, and the task would have been eased if any striking advance on his already high standard could have been discerned. In *A Street Scene in Burano* (150) (p. 154) he has committed the mistake of giving two distinct pictures, although the varying planes are accurately adjusted. The medalled *Venetian Market Boat* (44) (reproduced in *The Photogram* for November) contains all his well known mastery of atmospheric values, but, without being hypercritical, it seems to us that his best picture is the less showy *An Old Archway* (228), in which the opportunities of differentiating the altering lights are really greater. But the judges are apparently fond of the water of lagoons, and Mr. Lewis cannot be blamed for letting them have it. Walter Selfe's *Refuse Carts* (45) is marked by good perspective; and much the best of Mrs. G. A. Barton's four is the clever study of a child, *Don't* (186). G. F. T. Walford's *A Stormy Sunset* (48) is noteworthy for its fine sea.

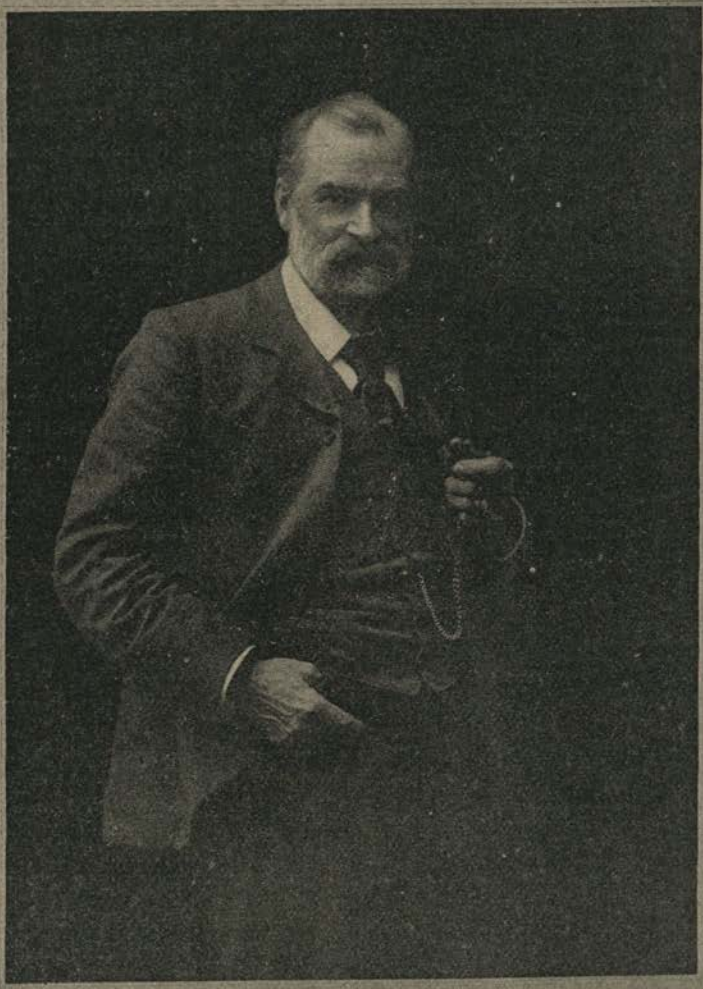
John C. Warburg's set adds distinction to the exhibition. The experiment in process, *Summer Heat* (49), may be overlooked, and the white light in *A Glimpse of Sunlight* (167) is somewhat garish; but *A Surrey Roadside* (266) is quite as good as J. M. Whitehead's medalled example, and *Park Palings* (250) (p. 49) is perhaps the most convincing exercise in suffused sunlight in the exhibition. Preferably, we would fain have had the figure on the right deleted, but this is perhaps a minor detail, and the picture must be welcomed as it hangs, seeming to contain, as it does, real light and air. The success of his *Incantation* (p. 97) at the Salon—a quite new departure—gives him a year of double honors. L. H. Keller's disproportionate *Head Study* (50) is much inferior to the clever scene with its suggestion of rain, *A Newsboy at Night* (243). Both of J. B. Hopkins' landscapes are carefully selected, and Harold Moore's study of *Cattle* (52) is promising. The better of E. Humphery's pair is the clever girl portrait, *A Brown Study* (111), and the blackness noticeable in J. F. Haden's *Harvest* (54) is absent from the well-toned *In the Gloaming* (133).

W. A. I. Hensler's *Springtime* (55) (p. 26) has been dealt with, and the tree on the mound in *Epping Forest* (179) makes the composition decorative. W. J. Croall's penchant for strong contrasts in tone finds display in the solemn masses and piercing shafts of light in *Early Morning—Dunbar* (56). Richard Speaight's pair of portraits are by no means the best of his year's work, but give a fair idea of his power of arrangement. *Mrs. Arthur Leveson and Daughter* (282), in this

respect, is happier than the rather dumpy *Child Study* (57). Unqualified commendation must be awarded to the two snow scenes by F. Parkinson. They are not marred by a single false note. The gradations are subtle and accurate, and he can safely be trusted to work on a larger scale. The skyless *On the Bridge* (59), by T. F. Brogden, is followed by the picturesque *Entrance to Scarborough Harbor* (79), and the better atmosphere of *Winter's Sunshine* (202). R. B. Walrond's *Koura Fishing* (60) (p. 109) has the novelty of freshness that an unusual scene presents, and is besides of fair merit.

*Brom.* PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY. *R.P.S., 161.*
*By Andrew Paterson.*

John H. Gear has again travelled far to secure subjects for his landscape exercises. The field labourers' scene, *Schwarzwald Peasants* (61), shows a direct and detailed treatment of the view chosen that succeeds in establishing a unity, and similar methods have been displayed in the cascade scene, *Tivoli* (123), which, however, lacks the suggestion of Southern skies. The beautifully composed and contrasted *April* (62) (p. 157), by H. H. Luther, is certainly one of the gems of the exhibition. Bathed in pearly light, the well broken landscape grows upon the eye. The silvery tree against the fine sky forms a highly decorative adjunct. The foreground remains unniggled, and the picture commands immediate admiration, and might worthily have won the suffrages of the judges for a medal. The Mattos still life subjects and the elongated shoulder study, *Rêveuse*, have




*16×12. Plat*

A. HADDON, ESQ.

*By Furley Lewis.*

*R.P.S., 264.*

little æsthetic value. Mrs. R. M. King's pair are sufficiently charming, but the success of G. H. Rittner's *Egyptian Woman and Child* (66) relies simply on correct camera registration.

Everything seems good in J. C. S. Mummery's *Low Ebb* (67) (p. 162), save the deep shadows of the boats in the foreground; and *The Village Street* (81) just misses a perfect success by the unnecessary width of view to the left. H. S. Sidebotham and C. P. Williams send promising ventures, and next comes E. G. Boon. Praise has already been given to the excellent lagoon scene. *Chiaroscuro* (129), and *Heat* (71), a simple capture of a tarpaulined boat in full sunlight, make us hope that if a sheep scene is next to be encountered it will be a Boon of the best kind. But although *The Priest's Pasturage* (80) is better than last year's effort, *In an Olive Orchard* betrays uncertainty. A successor to the 1899 *Sunny Pastures* is still awaited; and despite intermediate disappointments, it may yet confidently be expected to make its appearance. W. A. Clark's architectural example earns its place, but *Llangollen* (200) is a tame bridge scene of little importance. Remarkably good tone is shown in Alfred Hill's churchyard view; *Gurnard Marshes* (76), by C. J. West, is a tiny note, and R. Thomson's *The Gipsy* (77) a somewhat conventional rendering of a hackneyed theme. Ernest Marriage's principal exhibit has been discussed (repro. p. 39), and *La Forêt du Trait* (78), with its fine avenue of tall trees, is especially commendable.

*Carbon.* THE MINUET. *R.P.S., 238.*
*By Wm Gill.*

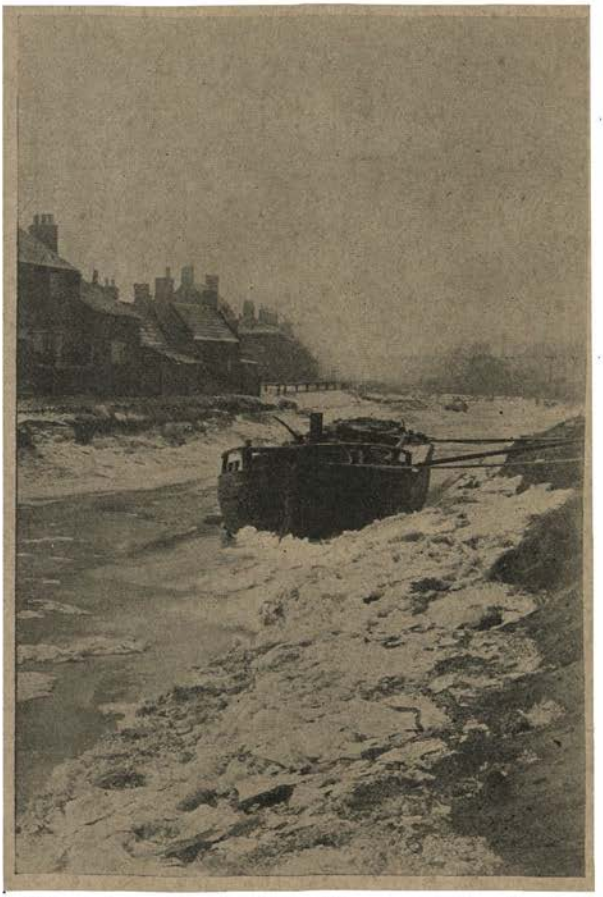
A detailed view of a homely scene by P. B. Rocher, and a fair pastoral by H. A. Norman, precede Dr. L. Morgan's lonely seascape, *The Pathway by the*

*Shore* (85). A bogey trunk of forbidding blackness looms forth from superfluous detail in *Nature's Garden* (162). The next two works show an improvement, but not until the final picture is reached, *When Evening Mists Arise* (267), do we see Dr. Morgan worthy of himself. Both of Catherine Edmonds' sewing themes are dainty as usual, and C. T. Holland's *End of the Glacier* (88), if scarcely up to the standard of some Alpine views in former exhibitions, is an impressive composition. The components of the title *Sea, Sky, and Smoke* (89), by J. A. Hodges, blend well together to produce a striking effect; but the *mise en scène, Paolo and Francesca* (90), sent by Window & Grove, suffers from a want of depth of space and any suggestion of differing planes. Of Fred Dean's pair frank acknowledgment of the beautiful atmosphere in *The Incoming Tide* (182) must be made. The tiny color study by Miss Acland is much too small to be of any effect, and the best of John Pickering's three is the clear study, *Washing Day* (116). H. B. Rudd's *Baby* (95) does not challenge Mrs. Käsebier's infantine exercises. *A Scottish Professor* (98), by John Moffat, makes a portrait of much distinction, and George Hankins' stooping figure in *Evensong* (99) is a concession to the sparsely represented genre section. H. Wild's *Grimy Poole* (101) contains a good sky, and the three cleverly lit interiors by Prof. von Jan will afford opportunities of discussion to the students of scriptural subjects. The school of painters that chooses sacred types from living peasants has been followed by the Professor. This unconventional treatment, of which Liebermann and Von Uhde are exponents, will not satisfy everybody; suffice it to say that von Jan has certainly posed and lighted his types with great skill. Mary Newlands' *A Sussex Pasture* (105) affords a thankful opportunity of stating that the committee have made an excellent selection of sheep subjects this year, and there must have been some vigorous shearing. *The Lady of the Lake* (108), by Elena Hellmann, does not deserve its place. It is a gloomy exercise, with no suggestion of water. Room has also been found for a clear definition of Beverley Minster by J. W. Hodges, and a characteristic flower piece by J. C. Wallsgrove.

*By Otto Schmidt, Vienna.*
From "La Photographie du Nu."

W. T. Greatbatch's chief examples bear a striking resemblance to Horsley

Hinton's exercises. His medalled work *Woodland Mists* (114) (p. 171) renders the forest interior in the hazy light with much subtle exactitude. The retreating trees are justly gradated, notably the far off mast in the centre of the belt of light, although it might be argued that however truly toned this tree disturbs the impression of vanishing space. The insistent detail of the bracken in the foreground of *Autumn Haze* (137) detracts from another fair success.



*Plat.* FROZEN UP. *R.P.S., 58.*

*By F. Parkinson.*

It is difficult to realise that the Avernus road *A Dusty Lane* (115), and the capital scheme of figures against a sky, *The Reapers* (140), are by the same worker, R. R. Woodman; and the forced sentiment of Bessie Stanford's *Lead, Kindly Light* (117) cannot be accepted as a proper substitute for her usual exercises in grace of form. On the other hand, Constance Ellis has contrived to arrange the figures in *A Weary Way* (118) so as to carry out the meaning of her title, and this is the most effective of her four contributions. There is more than can be taken in by a single pair of eyes in Thomas Carter's transcript *Twilight* (119), although note should be made of this worker's improvement. Neither the hackneyed *Salting Herrings* (120), by A. J. Loughton, nor the uncertain *When all is Young* (121), by T. W. Foulis, calls for detailed notice, but Joseph Appleby has effected a great advance this year. A fine attempt at realising the mighty movement of the sea is shown in *A Breaker* (122); and of the rest the diffused *Shore Hall Road* (135), and the capital land and seascape *Porth-y-Post* (266), are quite pictorial. C. F. Inston's pair are variants of a portrait model to whom he has devoted much study this year. Luminous and well-composed, Bernard Moore's *The Coming of Spring* (125), proves to be the precursor of two more good examples, of which

*10½ × 14. Carbon.*

"WOODLAND MISTS."

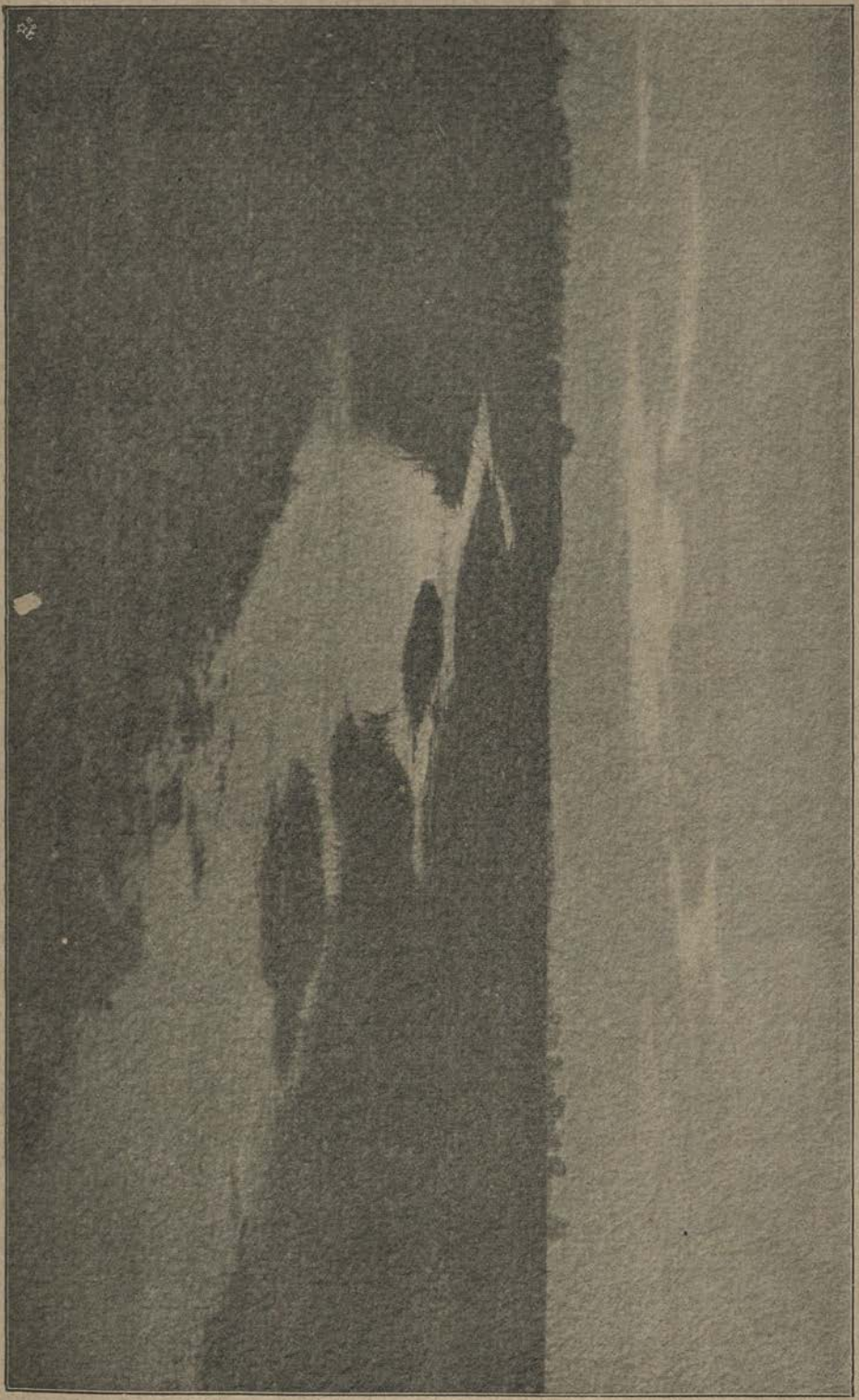
*By W. T. Greatbatch.*

*R.P.S., 114. Medal.*

*Crossing the Ford* (193) may be especially noted as a genuine attempt at teating sheep pictorially. Both the evening effects by A. & F. Read and H. M. Painter's *An Ancient Thoroughfare* (130) are too gloomy. Dudley Hoyt's *Portrait* (131), haughty and nostrilly in type, is better than his work last year; but praise must be withheld from Edmund Evans' *Dorothy* (134), a flat performance. J. M. Oliver's title, *Ora pro nobis* (136), suggests intercession for the blue-gum *A Bruges Byway* (139), by L. Platt, which fulfils no æsthetic intention. Neither of Ella Tomlinson's examples calls for comment. The amusing and instructive mice study by Douglas English, to which the apt title has been given *The best laid schemes*, etc. (142) (p. 161), continues a series of observations to which much credit is due. Manifestly of considerable usefulness to the student of natural history,

AUF DER ELBE.
*By Knauer, Hamburg.*

these clever pictures easily win their place in the art section of the catalogue In this connexion John Smith's animated study of a cat on the defensive, *Friend or Foe* (145), is also mentionable. *A Glasgow Journalist* (143), by W. Ralston, forms a telling portrait, and skilful use has been made of the light reflected upwards from the newspaper on the face of the sitter. Hector Murchison has preserved his knowledge of good tone commented upon last year, *The Market House* (147) especially proving this. Harry Case's *A Study* (149) is somewhat in the manner of a W. Gill (who, by the way, is represented by only one example); and W. M. Knight's nude study *The Swimmer* (151) again shows the difficulties of choosing a good model. If this pointed kneed and black handed example was the most tolerable nude offered for the committee's consideration, the rest must have contained some weird anatomical curios. No sign of lissome grace



By Hauptman Bohmer, Oppeln.

SONNENUNTERGANG.
*By Th. & O. Hofmeister.*

marks the draped dwarf of J. Page Croft's *A Photo Sket...* (148). His other portrait studies are brimful of purpose and earnest intention which the results seem to have eluded, except in the case of the veiled face effect of No. 235. The flat wall in *Drawing the Harvest Cider* (153), by W. P. Johns, robs the scene of depth, and R. S. Webster's *Rev. Alex. Whyte, D.D.* (156), is merely a suave commonplace piece of portraiture; but with a little more gradation of the face in shadow, Andrew Paterson's charming *Portrait of a Young Lady* (161) would have been a fine achievement. As it is, it forms the direct antithesis to the repellent nude model of Paul Pètion's *Jeanne* (164). A housewife industriously plucking geese forms the unambitious task set by Mrs. Caleb Keene, and excellent atmospheric exercises have been done by William Clayden, especially in the green shipping scene, *A Study* (175). Quite ordinary types have been chosen by Evelyn Boden for the amateurish *The Rehearsal* (176), and *Flouted* (185) does not reach its mark. W. R. Bland's *A Peak Landscape* (177), commented on last year, is a decidedly better print; and *By the Derbyshire Wye* (268), with its silvery stream, is one of the best river scenes here. A strong black figure silhouetted against white sky and shore makes Gilbert Watson's *On the Look Out* (180) conspicuous, and the same term is applicable to the sail reflections in the limpid sea of John Bushby's *In Ionian Waters* (181). His *Albatross* (203) forms an interesting study. *Stranded* (183), by Walter Kilbey, represents a black jumbled class of subject almost entirely absent from the exhibition, and Maud Shelley's carefully detailed portrait of a homely sitter is another reminder of a former populous section. Both of J. P. Bushe-Fox's landscapes are promising, but the works by Ellis Kelsey, J. H. Liebreich, Constance Peel, and M. Arbuthnot are only ordinary.

John H. Gash has placed all his eggs in one basket this year, and *Marketing* (201) and a medal have resulted. Admirers of the late W. J. Warren's work used to regard Mr. Gash as a worker on similar lines, and the present white-capped arrangement betrays a likeness in that respect to the Warren picture on p. 62 of *Photograms of the Year 1900*; but in justice to Mr. Gash it is immediately manifest that his composition is much the better in every way. There are no violent contrasts between sooty blacks and blank whites. It is true we have not the tender gradations of Percy Lewis, who works in a minor key, but there are no discords, no double pictures, and no doubting hesitancies nevertheless. Free tribute should be given to the quite meritorious landscape with sheep, *On a Moorland Road* (205), sent by J. B. Johnston. Considering the strictures made last year in this Annual, Mr. Johnston's advance is a most welcome surprise, and praise should be also bestowed on his capital study of a fox at bay, *Cornered* (207). No greater pleasure is felt by the writer of these notes than when he can pay encomiums to regenerate workers, or, as in the case of Percy Sheard's *Sturdy Props of a Leafy Ceiling* (206), be able to note continued regard for proper tonal quantities. A certain artificial prettiness of arrangement of hair and drapery marks W. L. Warneuke's *Portrait* (211), and the free grace of the charming lines of James Auld's composition are preferable to this and to F. M. Barkway's stilted fancy *Maritana* (216). A. Bellingham's *Beech and Sunshine* (219), and the luminous *An Old Mill* (224), by J. P. Goodwin, provide further

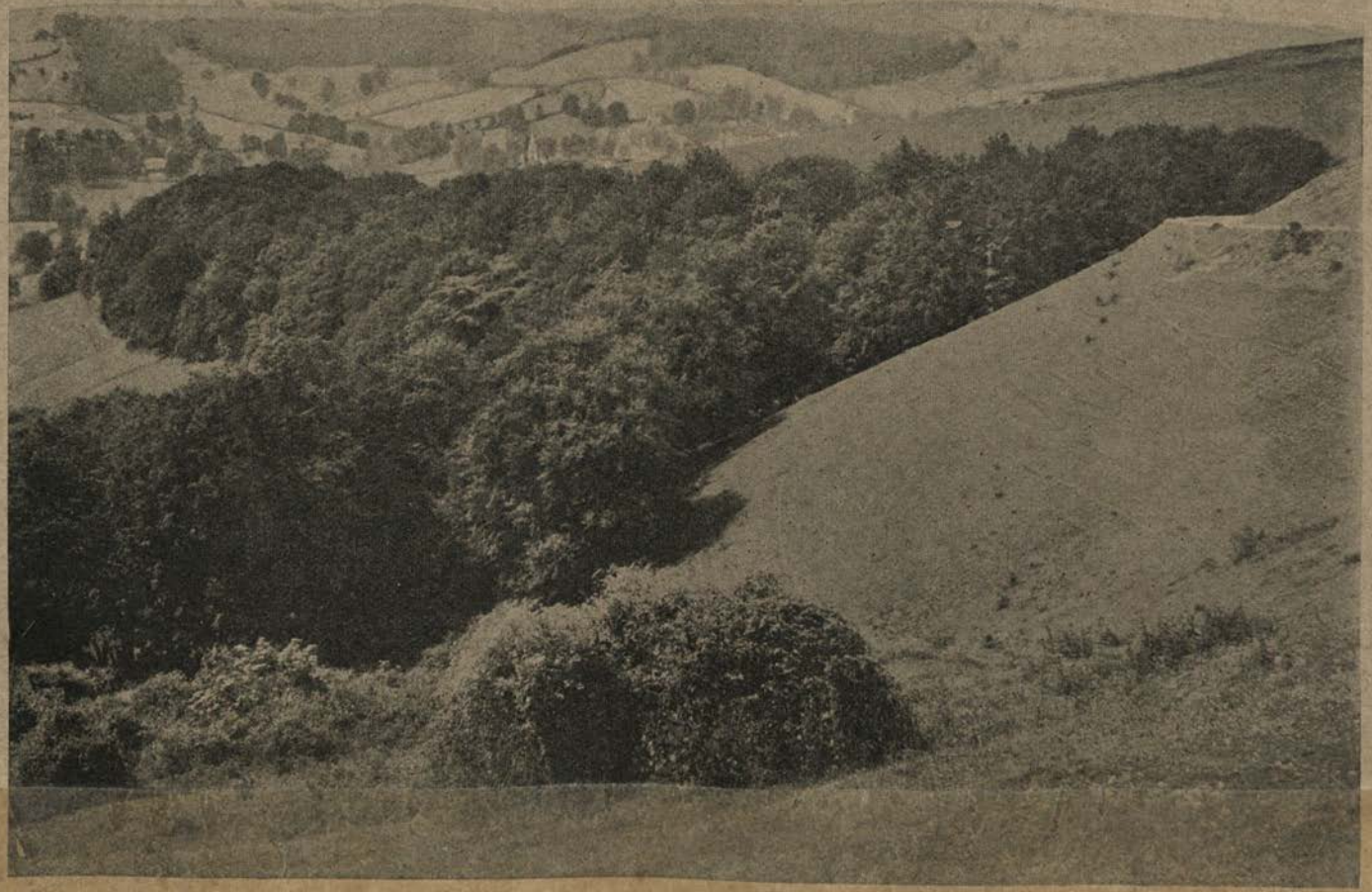
instances of the rise in standard made by judges and workers in the past three years. On the other hand, the contributions of F. W. Jackson, James Taylor, P. Dennis, and Arthur Lewis are marred by black intrusions which make their schemes discordant. Compensation is found in the capital sheep landscape *When the wind blows* (237), by Albert Cockerell, and the two excellent studies, especially *St. Heliers* (247), by John H. Anderson, whose Salon work has been so much praised already. Genuine regret must be expressed that W. Gill has been content to send only one work this year—*The Minuet* (238) (p. 168), which certainly fails to do justice to his powers. The mountain top composition *Feeding Sheep* (251), by C. E. Walmsley, is promising, and some cleverly arranged detail is the work of A. Perren's *In the Heart of the Glen* (252); but Miss Agnes Warburg's gum effect is not a successful experiment, and E. T. Holding's portrait of *Dr. Elgar* (258) has doubtless been accepted more on account of the eminence of the composer than of the artist's treatment. Furley Lewis' *Arthur Haddon* (264) (p. 167) cannot be considered as the successor to last year's fencing master, although of painstaking craft; and preference must be expressed for the decorative portrait by H. W. Barnett of *Lady Anglesey* (269), in which the sitter is shown well posed in space, and with the soft white texture of her robe beautifully realised. Walter Kilbey's architectural study in columnar perspective of *The Cloisters, Mont St. Michel* (265), is so good that one wonders how he perpetrated the shore scene already discussed; and the Rev. H. Campion's pair of Ely interiors are fair substitutes for the absence of any works by F. H. Evans. Last year H. O. Isaac was noted for future observation, so promising was his Venetian work. *Fisherfolk* (272) is a more ambitious essay, but the figures are too black for the anticipated success to be fully realised. Fairly good are the contributions of John A. Bishop, T. D. Mottram, W. Mitchell, Miss Berty Welti, Mrs. M. A. Wiggins, and the Ely subject of H. C. Howard. To Frank Fraprie's *Seven Pines* (279) a medal has fallen. It is difficult to discern what may be its æsthetic superiority over other snow scenes in the exhibition. Incisive lines ink out the trees against the sky, but the atmospheric delicacy of a Stieglitz or an Eickemeyer seems wanting. Frank preference must be stated for Thomas Wright's superb glistening surfaces in his *Winter* (281) (opposite page). The picture throughout challenges criticism, and the writer of these notes finds himself unable to suggest any possible improvement. There is no false note; breadth and detail combine into a fine unity bathed in atmosphere and sparkling with luminosity.

*Etching.*

WINTER.

*By Thomas Wright.*

*R.P.S., 81.*

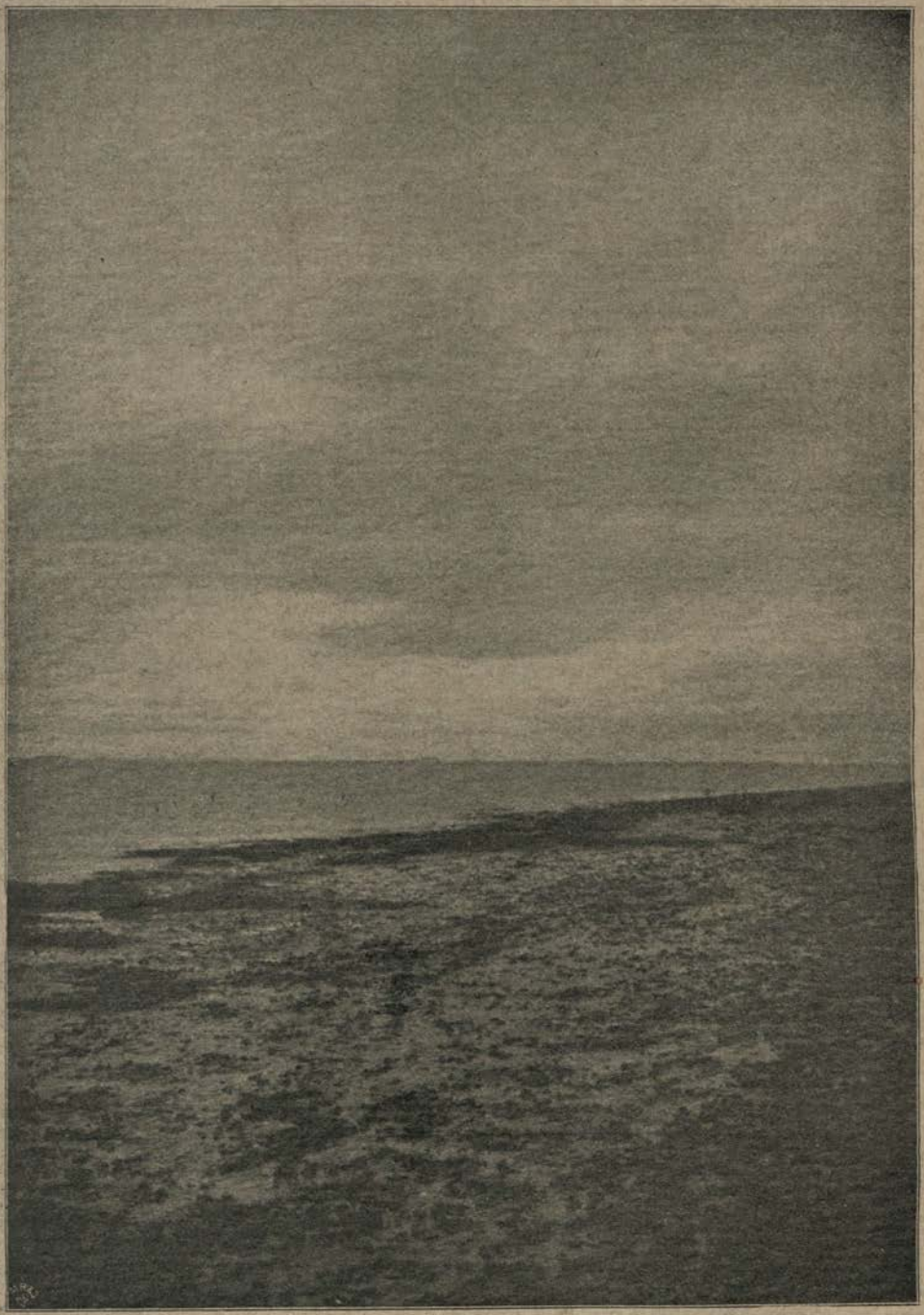


13×10. WOODCHESTER VALLEY. Plate.

By W. Smedley Aston.

A WHITE SILK DRESS. *Salon, 36.*

*By Reginald Craigie.*



SEESTRAND.

*By H. W. Müller, Hamburg.*

# Pictorial Photography in Germany.

By ERNST JUHL,
Editor of the *Annual Artistic Photography*.

ON THE ALSTER.
*By Mussett, Hamburg.*

For the reproductions of pictures by the German workers we are indebted to the courtesy of Herr WILHELM KNAPP.—EDS.

IT is a common saying of the layman in German art circles that to comprehend art you only want a pair of good eyes. It is a saying which is responsible for much injury to the fine arts.

We are right in naming it as the cause of the unfortunate divisions in the art world as well as of the inaction—stagnation, I ought to say, perhaps—of the many who, satisfied with their own productions and aspirations, set themselves against every fresh tendency. Germany is not the only country afflicted in this way, and I notice the same thing in all countries, Great Britain included. If you say to this laity that there is no department of human work on which it is more difficult to pass judgment than art, they fall back on their opinion that the ability to see and the understanding of art are one and the same thing, whilst they submit that in estimating any works on which the eye can fall the only sort of criticism is that of the connoisseur.

As to the amount of study and of inborn talent which the connoisseur of art must be able to lay claim to, these they disparage, and they would erect a barricade in the way of those anxious to recognise and enjoy new forms of art.

Those who have once discovered the pleasure to be derived from the comprehension of a work of art, not previously understood, will deny themselves no effort to renew this experience wherever they may meet with objects capable of giving rise to it.

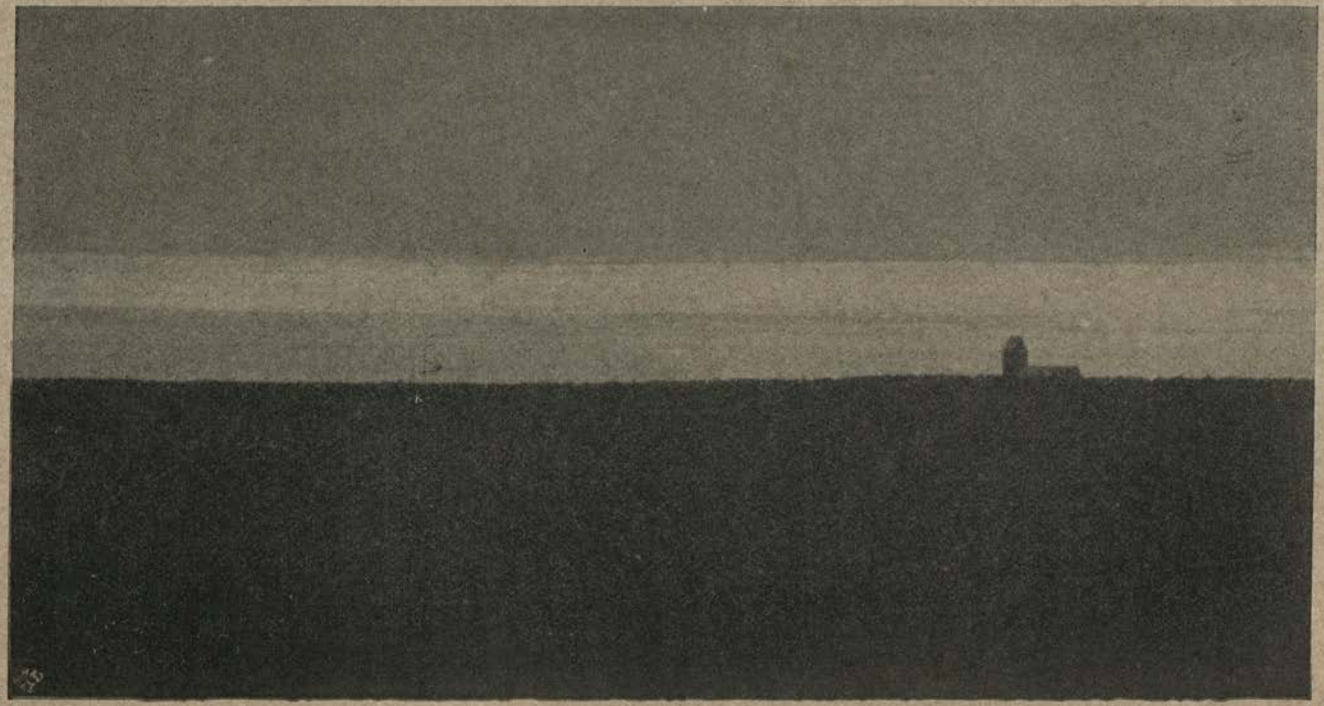
However, the result of this feeling in Germany has been seen in the bitterest opposition to everything and anything new. It made itself felt at the exhibitions of the Hamburg Society of Amateur Photography; it broke out in the journals, for in the summer of this year (1902) the writer, who was then in charge of the art section of *Photographische Rundschau*, was forced to resign the position he-

HEIDELANDSCHAFT.

*By H. W. Müller, Hamburg.*

NACHTLICHER RITT.

*By Th. & O. Hofmeister, 1 illustr.*



ELEGIE.

*By H. W. Müller, Hamburg.*

had held since 1896, as the larger societies of which it is the organ proposed to withdraw from their union unless a change was made in the selection of the illustrations in that journal. The immediate cause of this outburst was the publication of a series of photograms by Mr. E. J. Steichen, but formerly the works of Hofmeister and Müller had already given rise to similar opposition. The mention of this incident will give a glance into the causes of German polemics.

Heinrich Müller's pictures *Heidelandschaft*, *Einsames Heidedorf*, and *Elegie*, exhibit the whole art of this pictorial worker. In the last-named landscape Müller has reached the extreme degree of simplicity: his method is to portray essentials. His pictures are excellent in their expression of a simple motive, and it is characteristic of his style to express suggestion without elaborate composition. Müller frequently prints in two colors, and in *Heidedorf* he uses this method to give a peculiarly sunny effect, whilst, in *Elegie*, in which will be noted the remarkable horizontal lines of clouds, orange on a deep blue sky, he expresses the feeling of glorious evening color. The original picture is full of melancholy: the passing away of things, natural in the still evening, and the sad impression of the churchyard.

The works of the Hofmeisters are represented by *Sonnenuntergang* and *Nachtlicher Ritt*. The latter is a good example of the Hofmeisters' much described fantastic subjects. The limitations of photography surround a work in which the author seeks to express the idea of Fairyland with special difficulties; and, so far as I know, the only photographer who has attempted a theme of this kind even before the Hofmeisters, is Craig Annan. The Hofmeisters, however, have avoided a great danger in this class of work: they have never clothed their models in fancy array, and hence their fairy subjects are pictorially satisfying. They treat this subject as landscape, and much of the expression in the picture lies as much in the fantastic groups of trees as in the figures. In the above example the sentiment of the picture would remain even if the rider were absent.

The work of Hauptmann Böhmer is represented by one of his most recent landscapes, which shows this photographer as a master of the method of simple motive. Böhmer is one of the oldest exponents of art photography in Germany. He lives far from all centres of culture in a small town on the eastern borders of Germany, and it is seldom that an artist in such solitary situation, cut off from association with his colleagues, produces work such as Böhmer's. Before the rising of the modern school about 1896 he was, without a doubt, the greatest of Germany's pictorial workers with the camera. His name was first brought prominently into notice at the Hamburg exhibition of 1893, and from that year his fame increased at home and abroad steadily. Böhmer's work does not alter. You can scarcely distinguish his present style from that of his older pictures. He has learnt to limit himself, but his later works display no new method of approaching his subjects such as the Hofmeisters, Müller, and Dr. Kirstein and others have shown us. This, so far as I know Böhmer, I set down to his clear cut character. He has had no moods and stages to pass through. He has never been a "Stürmer und Dränger," and that

EINSAMES HEIDEDORF.

*By H. W. Müller, Hamburg.*

FÖHRER MÜHLEN.

*By H. W. Müller, Hamburg.*

he ought to have been if he wished to go ahead with his more advanced colleagues.

He ought to have fought and to have resigned all his former ideals, but neither fight nor resignation are to his taste. He is a thorough sensitive man, and this you can see in all his pictures. He is a man of strong feeling—thorough *Gefuhlsmensch.* He is a lover of soft motives and melancholy solitude, and to these he should ascribe his best productions. The reader who studies his work in this Annual or in other volumes will find throughout his prevailing note sounded in a minor key.

Dr. Alfred Kirstein's *Venetian Canal* is from the same author whose work was made known in *Photograms of 1901.* In his *Venetian Canal* he is much influenced by H. Kühn, the renowned Austrian photographer, but nevertheless it is a work unrivalled as to the photographic rendering of a moonlit night. C. T. Musset, the author of the little vignette, *Swan on the Alster,* is an Englishman who has been greatly influenced by the Hamburg Society, of which he is a member. He is now living in London, and I trust that the lively interest of his country people in pictorial photography will stimulate him to renewed efforts.

We have commented before on the Hamburg movement of art photography in relation to the desire of the more educated professionals to strike down their tasteless limitations. There are, I am glad to say, some men of the profession who do their best to produce artistic work. The leading men among them are Percheid of Leipsic, Duhrkoop of Hamburg, Raupp of Dresden, and Widensohler of Stuttgart; but I am sorry to say their followers are still scarce. I am of opinion that the influence of the empty portrait photography of which we still see so much in all countries does far more injury to the art taste of the public than bad art itself.

HOMEWARD BOUND.
*By T. Leedham, Auckland, N.Z.*

## Australian Notes.

By A. J. HILL-GRIFFITHS,
Editor of *The Australian Photographic Journal.*

THE photographic community in Australia is about to rise to the occasion of establishing an art level to work up to such a level as would appear to be now established and defined as the British, American and Continental schools. This anticipation is founded, not so much on the fact of our societies having affiliated with the "Royal," as upon the promises issued by that body, of a plenteous supply of the guiding material we so much need.

As intimated to you in one of my notes last year, we of the optical black and white fraternity in this far-off land are in want of original examples set before us. As yet, Australia boasts no master of the art from a really photographic art standpoint, neither do we boast educational sources round which we may gather. Of course such cities as Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide have their local art galleries, but a somewhat religious atmosphere prevailing in these makes it really difficult for those who would enter them in a debation humour to obtain fruitful or beneficial ideas. The magnetical influence of the masses tends to destroy the intention, and we invariably find ourselves carried along from room to room, merely absorbing in wonderment the multiplicity of beauti-

ful shapes and colors upon the walls, which, together with the various magnificent dimensions of gold-gilt, forms a rainbow in our eyes, and we leave the gallery with feelings of greater despair than profit.

But the occasion has come, or rather I should say *promise* has come (I must be careful) whereby we anticipate having in our own club rooms, original works of photographic art masters; leaders or creators of "schools" around which we may gather to view and re-view on or off the walls *ad lib.*: and here let me add a suggestion, possibly to the mutual benefit of those interested—that such works (pictures) might be accompanied by a few notes from the author relating the clever dodges of obtaining such and such effect.

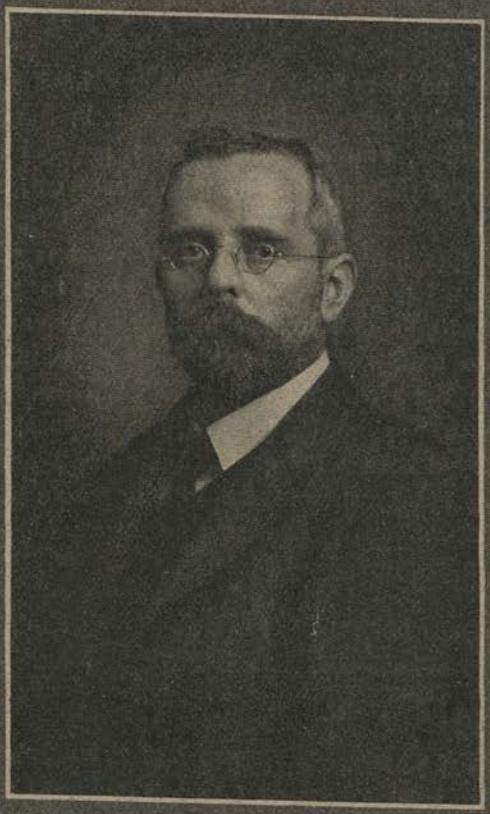
I regret to report a tendency apparent to me in the professional ranks throughout the land, to strive more for quantity than quality. I do not infer by this that the standard of work is retrograding. No!. It is only surprising to me how the standard, which is really good, is maintained; nevertheless the art side *must* eventually suffer under the strain of commercial ambition, which is much to be regretted.

I am of opinion, and certainly am not informed of aught to conflict the opinion, that the art side of photography in this land is held, aye and upheld, within the realms of some four or five photographic societies. The South Australian Photographic Society, in particular, has struck a decisive chord of advanced art and progressive scientific research in connection with photography. They have, in fact, in their midst the nearest approach to master photographic artists that are known to me in these parts. I refer to Mr. Kauffman and Mr. F. A. Toyner. The more recent work of these gentlemen has at least established a standard, which I think all here interested in pictorial photography could not do better than work to. It is much to my regret that the time now at my disposal will not permit of me obtaining specimens of their work to submit for your inspection, but I hope for that privilege anon.

In the State of New South Wales the leading photographic society, viz., The Photographic Society of New South Wales, has undergone a phenomenal barometric change. Without mentioning names for fear of omitting one or another which might not occur to me at this moment, I might say that, by the united and untiring efforts of a few of its members, this society, which it is not unfair to state hitherto led the photographic way in Australia, is again on the up grade. For some reason unspoken by themselves and possibly unknown to even them, the business of the Society has been allowed to become laxical, with the inevitable result that it went from bad to worse until a climax was reached—such a climax as, I am happy to say, has forced the suggestion of a scheme for reorganisation. The foundation is already laid upon which to build, and there is promise of a practical contribution towards the occasion to which I firstly referred.

It is a coincidence that the Amateur Photographic Society of Victoria, whom we have hitherto looked upon as the "advanced guard" in that State, have also passed through a similar spell, the outcome of which will be, it is considered, to make their position even better than heretofore.

These various changes being in progress among the societies mentioned, has



14×11. SELF PORTRAIT. *Silver.*

*By Fred. Radford, Sydney, N.S.W.*

left the past year almost void of any specially meritorious work, but it would be unfair not to mention the appreciable efforts of Mr. W. C. Fisher and of Mr. J. Heron, both members of the Photographic Society of New South Wales, and of Mr. A. J. Campbell, a member of the Victorian Photographic Society.

In Tasmania the works of Mr. S. Spurling and Mr. E. Cumings have alone been noticable, though the Northern Tasmanian Camera Club have recorded a successful and even progressive year. Mr. Spurling's most merited production is *A Wintry Sea*, being a very faithful representation both of sea and atmosphere; and Mr. Cumings has shown me a liberal output of good, even work from which I can specify no particular subject seeming to pronounce itself as apart from its neighbors.

From Queensland no beneficial contributions have arrived beyond work which is technically and commercially good. Mr. F. Radford (p. 191) adheres to his characteristic study, and his most recent productions, being of a still more modified fuzzy type than those submitted last year, commend themselves better to me.

In conclusion to this momentary survey of matters photographic in these parts, I crave your kind permission to appeal here to secretaries of British, American, and Continental societies, also to individual enthusiasts in our art, to help us Australians to realise the standard level to which we may aspire, by sending to me at 66 King Street, Sydney, N.S.W., examples of pictorial and special technical work, which I would place at the disposal of our societies and clubs and other interested bodies for exhibition, etc. I am confident the local fraternity would readily appreciate and reciprocate where desired by a selection of Australian work, lantern slides, or interesting scenes.

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Photograms of The Year

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